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SCOTTISH HISTORY.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. HISTORY.
—Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. II.
London, 1830. Longman and Co.

HAVING now fairly entered the field as the historian of his native country, in addition to his various claims as a novelist, a biographer, and a poet, the name of the "Author of Waverley" must go down to other times in conjunction (not in contrast, we trust,) with the great established writers who have preceded him in the same career. The most singularly fortunate, as well as the most gifted and versatile, of British authors yet upon record, there is only required the favourable award of posterity to confirm the splendid reputation he has acquired in the present day, and give a lofty and enduring fame to the literary character of Sir Walter Scott. Whether success will also follow him here, and show him to have displayed a correctness of judgment equal to his genius, in adding to his laurels the wreath of the historic muse, remains hereafter to be seen. It is at least a doubtful question, and one we willingly leave to our critical successors of the twentieth century; we have enough, in all conscience, of our own, without pretending to anticipate the criticism of another age.

We feel as little inclined to institute any comparison between the qualifications of the author for such a task, and those of his illustrious predecessors, Hume, Robertson, and our English Gibbon. They cannot be fairly brought into competition;—actuated by other motives, with other views, and composing their elaborate works under wholly different circumstances,—addressed to the more refined readers of every age, and every people,—the mature and polished labours of a life, not of a season,—and aiming at standard and classical excellence,—the productions of such historians must essentially and widely differ from those intended for more general diffusion, and directed to mere popular and useful information. Of this latter character, we presume, are the works expressly undertaken for our modern Encyclopædias and Libraries; written less "for all times," than for all people. Though varying so much from the old classical standard, and in every sense inferior, yet this, it should be recollected, is not to be imputed as a fault to the writers, but to the times and circumstances in which they live. They are the writers of popular history, whose aim is the useful and the entertaining; and as such only ought they to be estimated; holding at the same time a rank far inferior to their great predecessors, and entitled only to competition and to take precedence among each other. At the head, however, of this modern class, we do not hesitate to place the name of Sir Walter Scott: in all the requisites of a popular writer there is assuredly none to rival him; no one who combines so many and such varied attractions. With the solitary exception of Goldsmith, we remember to have perused no writer of popular history who so soon succeeds in alluring and enchanting the attention of his readers. Full of varied knowledge, and genius and talent equally versatile, he possesses also the admirable art of communicating his stores of information so as to beguile us to go on, invariably adding to the interest of the narrative as he

proceeds. He is equally happy, we think, in his choice of subjects, as in his popular method of treating them; and, without any depth of reflection, any evidence of very extraordinary powers, or any vast research, he produces those successful results which, we are convinced, no writer of more extended views, stronger and more philosophical mind, and a mightier sway over the passions, would ever be able to achieve. Such is the effect of that happy combination of varied powers in the mind of the same man; by which, without having any one superlative in degree, he is enabled to perform more by their simultaneous and well-directed exertion, than could be done by the possessor of far greater genius, in any one branch. Of this there is ample evidence in the history before us, combining, as it does, so much interest and attraction, with as much information as could well be embraced in the compass of two small volumes. Without any very striking characteristics, it possesses the same charm that enlivens all the other works of the same author; and though, as we are bound to believe, pure history, it is read with all the avidity of an historical romance. Doubtless it was one of the best subjects he could have selected,—in itself a desideratum—abounding more than the history of most nations with wild and romantic incident, and opening a fine field for the display of the author's popular and peculiar talents.

Having closed his former volume with the disastrous battle of Flodden Field, the present opens with one of those frequent and unhappy regencies, so prolific of civil discord, which darken the annals of Scottish history. Before proceeding to give some interesting extracts, we ought to premise that the author has shown a laudable impartiality upon those disputed points, and other national questions which involve the interests and honour of the two countries. He has also very ably, as well as judiciously, examined the evidence regarding the more doubtful passages of Queen Mary's life; the policy of Queen Elizabeth, and of James, and the parties to which their conflicting interests gave birth. As it would be impossible for us here to enter into these, we shall confine ourselves to the more remarkable and entertaining portions, such as will at once bear out our previous assertions, and convey a clear idea of the style and merits of the work.

Describing the border devastations in the reign of Henry VIII. of England, and under the Scotch Regency of Arran, the author observes—"The ravages of the English during the campaign of 1554 were systematically conducted by Sir Ralph Ewers and Sir Brian Latoun, soldiers of great skill and activity, and wardens on the English marches. They cast down or burned a hundred and ninety-two towns, towers, castle-houses, and parish churches, slew nearly a thousand Scots, and made upwards of ten thousand captives. Ten thousand horned cattle, with twelve hundred horses, were but a part of the spoil made within three or four months. Many of the Scottish inhabitants of the western border, and the men of Liddisdale in particular, assumed from necessity a semblance of allegiance to England, and aided the invaders in these forays on Scotland.

"To gratify the wardens for these achievements, the king of England conferred upon them in fief the two border counties of the Merse and Teviotdale. Sir Ralph, now Lord Ewers, and Sir Brian Latoun advanced to take saisin, as they said, of their new lordship, at the head of 3000 hired soldiers, paid by Henry, and 2000 borderers, the half of whom were Scots under English assurance. 'I will write them an instrument of investiture with sharp pens and bloody ink,' said the Earl of Angus, much of whose private estate was included in this liberal grant on the part of his royal brother-in-law. Accordingly, he urged the regent to pass hastily to the borders with such men as he had immediately around him, and put a stop to the dilapidation and dismemberment of the kingdom.

"A small body of three hundred men was assembled, unequal, from their inferior number, to do more than observe the enemy, who moved forward with their full force from Jedburgh to Melrose, where they spoiled the splendid convent, in which lay the bones of many a heroic Douglas. The Scots were joined in the night by the Leslies and Lindsays, and other gentlemen from the western part of Fife; and apparently the English learned that the regent's forces were increasing, since they retreated towards Jedburgh at the break of day. The Scots followed, manœuvring to gain the flank of the enemy. They were joined, near the village of Maxton, by Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, with his followers, by whose knowledge of the ground and experience in irregular warfare the regent was counselled to simulate a retreat. The English halted, formed, and rushed hastily to pursue, so that, encountering the enemy unawares, and at disadvantage, they were totally defeated. The two leaders fell, and very many of their followers, for the victors showed little mercy; and the Liddisdale men, who had come with the English as friends, flung away the red crosses which they had brought to the battle, and made a pitiless slaughter among the troops whom they had joined as auxiliaries. Many prisoners were taken, on whom heavy ransoms were levied, particularly on an alderman of London, named Read, whom Henry VIII. had obliged to serve in person in the wars, because he refused to pay his share of a benevolence imposed on the city, it appearing that though the king of England could not invade a citizen's property, he had despotic power sufficient to impress his person." p. 38-39.

The following anecdotes connected with the rise of the reformed religion, convey a good idea of the leaders of the new sect:—"Thus determined on their own private views, it was with the utmost reluctance the Scottish statesmen were induced to listen to a proposal, framed on a report of the reformed clergy, that the church revenues should be divided into three shares or portions, to be applied, 1. To the decent support of the clergy; 2. To the encouragement of learning, by the foundation of schools and colleges; and, 3. To the support of the poor of the realm. Maitland of Lethington asked with a sneer, whether the nobility of Scotland were now to turn hod-bearers, to toil at the building of the kirk. Knox answered, with his

characteristic determination, that he who felt dishonoured in aiding to build the house of God, would do well to look to the security of the foundations of his own. But the nobles finally voted the plan to be a 'devout imagination, a well-meant but visionary system, which could not possibly be carried into execution.' At a later period the parliament were in a manner shamed into making some appointment for the clergy, payable out of the tithes which either remained in the hands of the bishops and abbots of the Scottish church, or had fallen into the hands of lay improprators.

"By this arrangement the bishops, abbots, &c. were allowed to subsist as an order of proprietors, although deprived of all ecclesiastical dignity or office in the reformed church; and their possession of the church revenues afforded the means by which the ecclesiastical possessions were transmitted to the lay nobility by sale, lease, and other modes of alienation. The general regulation of parliament bore, that the church property, whether in the hands of the bishops or of lay titulars, as the lay improprators were called, should be liable to be taxed to the extent of one third of their amount, for the support of the protestant clergy; and a committee was appointed to *modify*, as it was called, the especial stipends payable in every individual case, reserving by far the greater proportion of the fund in reversion to the prelate possessor or lay titular. The obvious selfishness of these enactments gave just offence to the clergy. John Knox, deeply incensed at the avarice of the nobility, pronounced from the pulpit of Edinburgh, that two parts of the church revenue were bestowed on the devil, and a third divided between God and the devil. A hundred marks Scottish (not six pounds sterling) was the usual allowance modified to the minister of a parish: some parishes were endowed with a stipend of thrice that amount; and the whole sum allowed for the maintenance of the national church, consisting of a thousand parishes, was about three thousand five hundred pounds a year, which paltry endowments were besides irregularly paid, and very much begrudged. When it is considered how liberal the ancient kings and governors of Scotland had been to the church of Rome, it appears that in this point, as in all others of doctrine and discipline, the Scottish reformers had held a line of conduct diametrically opposite to that pursued by their catholic ancestors.

"This unkindly parsimony towards themselves was the more acutely felt by the protestant preachers, as the principal lords of the congregation, and the Lord James of Saint Andrew's himself, were the persons by whom these miserable stipends were modified. 'Who would have thought,' said the ardent Knox, 'that when Joseph ruled in Egypt, his brethren would have come down thither for corn, and returned with their sacks empty? Men would have thought that Pharaoh's storehouse would have been emptied ere the sons of Jacob were placed in risk of starving for hunger.' Wisheart of Pittarrow, a zealous reformer, was appointed comptroller, to levy and pay the allotted stipends; but as the poor ministers complained to heaven and earth that they were not able to obtain payment even of the small pittance allowed them, it became a common phrase to bless the good laird of Pittarrow as a sincere professor, but bid the devil receive the comptroller as a greedy extortioner." p. 71—73.

On the question of Mary's participation in the murder of Darnley, we have this just and impartial summary:—"But it may be asked what conclusion are readers of the present day to draw from these proceedings: and are we, with one class of writers, to conceive queen Mary an injured saint, or with another the most profligate of women? We confess that we

more light than we at present possess, or ever hope to see thrown on a subject of so mysterious a character, we incline to think that on both sides this memorable case has been pleaded to extremity.

"The beauty, the wit, and, in general, the amiable character of Mary, has raised up for her memory defenders of equal talents and zeal. But if we review the queen's conduct from the debate at Craigmillar, concerning the proposed divorce betwixt her and Darnley, it is difficult to believe that she must not have entertained suspicions, that many persons of an unscrupulous character were not indisposed, when that measure was rejected, to remove the unfortunate prince from his share of the throne by the readiest and most violent means, if legal and justifiable expedients would not serve the turn. The reconciliation between the husband and wife, after their long estrangement, which was patched up so suddenly and immediately before the murder, the violence offered to the queen's person by Bothwell, and so tamely acquiesced in by a female of such high rank and energetic character, are to us irresistible evidence that Mary, deeply injured by her ungrateful husband, and engaged by an unhappy attachment to one of the most wicked of men, suffered Darnley, without warning or succour, to fall into the conspirators' snares, if, indeed, she did not herself entice him into the toils. Revenge and love are great casuists; and supposing Mary so far concerned in Darnley's death as to foresee its approach without endeavouring to prevent it, she might endeavour to justify her conduct to herself, by considering that by his accession to the murder of her servant in her own presence her ungrateful husband deserved death, and that she at least was not obliged to give the alarm when a deserved punishment seemed about to overwhelm him. The evident favour shown to Bothwell on his sham trial, the too obvious farce of the seizure of the queen at Fountain Bridge, and her subsequent marriage with Bothwell, all lead to the same melancholy conclusion. And when we recollect that Mary had been educated in the profligate court of Catherine of Medicis, and was surrounded in her own by some of the worst and most wicked men who ever lived, he who can suppose that, tempted by love and revenge, she walked through the maze of iniquity occurring betwixt Rizzio's death and her marriage with Bothwell without soiling the purity of her mind with the guilt which was so thick around her path, must have unusual confidence in human nature.

"But though we are compelled to admit that a long train of coherent circumstances seems to evince that Mary was at least by tacit acquiescence an accomplice in Darnley's fate, we are not much moved by what has been termed the actual proof of her guilt, and which was produced as such before the commission.

"The documents contained in the silver box are the only direct testimony tending to involve Mary in Darnley's murder; and setting these aside for the present, there remains little which can directly implicate the queen." p. 132—4.

Amidst all the intrigue and violence which so often threatened the life or the liberty of King James, there is nothing so remarkable as the Gowrie conspiracy. It is by far the most strange and mysterious of any upon record; and as here described, reads with all the intense interest and romantic effect of the wildest tradition. It forms also one of the most animated and vigorous portions of the author's narrative, spirited and excellent as it in general is, allowing for occasional carelessness and inaccuracies of style, by no means uncommon in the works of the author of *Waverley*. Its length precludes our giving it entire; and the reader is therefore referred to the volume itself, as the interest would be destroyed by partial extract.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

Cloudesley. A Tale. By the author of "*Caleb Williams*." 3 vols. post 8^{vo}. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE announcement of a new novel by so distinguished a writer as Mr. Godwin, was received with more indifference than we looked for by the reading world. To us it gave great pleasure of expectation, and we even hoped that the vigour of thought and style which makes *St. Leon* and *Caleb Williams* so delightful, might in some degree reclaim the public taste from the foolish idolatries that now degrade it, when a host of gentlemen, with no materials save effrontery and the Court Guide, undertake to teach the mob how the great live, and the wise talk, in fashionable and political novels. We remembered the breathless interest with which we first hung over Mr. Godwin's pages; the harrowing pathos with which he told the sufferings of the humblest and least attractive characters—not seeking to invest his creations with dignity or splendour, to provoke our adventitious sympathies—the *Æschylean* power with which he painted some wretched man struggling against irresistible necessity, condemned, though innocent, to all the pains of guilt, swept helplessly along in the headlong course of destiny, but yet unconquerable in soul, and above all the fervid eloquence that cast a burning splendour around these magnificent conceptions. These were looked for at his hands, and these were balked. It is true that the united labours of the well-paid and well-puffed cohorts of New Burlington-street, could not equal in style or spirit the better parts of *Cloudesley*; but as far as this novel is above them, so far is it below its author's reputation. Besides, it is a job, and bears the unpleasant aspect of a production resulting not from the pleasure men of genius naturally feel at giving language to their thoughts, but from the pleasure all men feel at putting money into their pockets. Why else three meagre, thread-papery volumes, to contain a tale that would require much needless prolongation barely to fill two?—why else the monstrous excrescence of a hundred pages, that precedes the real commencement of the tale, containing a trip to Russia, and an account of its affairs during the middle of the last century, in the style of an annual register, and having about as much to do with the remainder of the story as it has with the repeal of the beer tax? Why, but because the gods and Colburn have decreed three volumes to be a novel's natural length; and he who is unwilling to adapt his work to this Procrustean model, may look in vain for publisher or pay, as long as a good-natured public is content to risk a guinea and a half on this dangerous venture in search of the amusing.

Cloudesley, from the point where the story really commences, is a tale of domestic crime and suffering. It is told to a sort of confidential dummy, who retails it to the reader, by the main agent and villain of the drama, one Lord Danvers. He, the younger son of a noble family, inherited only what family ambition and our blessed institutions often make a younger brother's lot and a younger brother's feelings. How the tempter was for a time disarmed within him by the virtues and generosity of the heir, will be partly shown by the following extract.

"I had a brother. That brother was killed in a duel in Germany, whither he had gone to serve against the Turks. He was one year older than myself.

"I have been judged a handsome man, of a noble and prepossessing air. But, oh, what was I in comparison with my brother! His figure was moulded by the Graces. His smooth and ample forehead was the abode in which Majesty sat enthroned. His voice was music. In all things he eclipsed me.

"But for many aggravated circumstances which kindled the pernicious spark in my bosom, I believe I should not have been envious. My brother surpassed me in intellectual powers. He was of a clearer and quicker apprehension. He had an ardent thirst for knowledge. His temper was mild; and his courage was high. We were perpetual companions. He was born to an ample patrimony; I could expect nothing, but the slender pittance of a younger brother's fortune.

"My father and mother directed all their attention to the welfare and advantage of their eldest son. I was seldom judged worthy to be made the subject of a smile, a caress, the smallest encouragement. I seemed only to stand in the way, to be a being that had intruded himself into a world where he was not wanted. Or, to speak more accurately, I was scarcely ever an object of notice; my parents never, but when they could not avoid it, so much as recollected that there was such a being in existence.

"Meanwhile my brother was a subject of perpetual solicitude. Every gratification that could be procured, was copiously showered upon him. If his little finger ached, the whole house was set in commotion. My parents scarcely ever condescended to ask how I did. My cheek might be blanched, my eyes glazed with indisposition; I was left to get well as I could. If any pleasure was in view, if any party of amusement was proposed, Arthur, the favourite Arthur, was sure to be included, and a reason was almost always found why I could not make one. Wherefore was all this? He was the heir.

"In such cases I was left in the care of servants. They are almost sure to teach a child the worst lessons. 'Ah, master Richard,' they would say, 'what a fine thing it is to be the eldest! Your brother will have the whole estate; he will be called, My Lord; this house and the house in Dublin will be his. But, I am sure, I do not know what they will do with you. I suppose they will make a parson of you. You may be your brother's chaplain.'

"I withdrew into corners and ruminated on these things. There were twelve months and a few days between the age of me and my brother. I studied the same lessons, I was taught the same accomplishments; my parents were not unjust to me in that. I made considerable proficiency. I was comparatively slow of apprehension; all that I learned cost me considerable labour; but I was indefatigable. To Arthur everything seemed to be intuition. It was almost impossible to tell when and how he learned anything. But his exhibitions, which cost him nothing, were lauded to the skies; he was pronounced a prodigy; while I at best came off without blame, and our tutor, who took his tone from our parents, seemed almost sorry that I did so well.

"I reflected much on this. Twelve months my elder! Oh! what virtue is there in twelve months! Arthur is destined for the whole term of his life to splendour; I to obscurity. It seemed as if we were born of different castes. He was to be the lord of palaces; I was to be launched in life at the expense of two or three thousand pounds, or to languish out my existence on an annuity of a few hundreds; and even that reluctantly torn from the vast heaps, which were carefully laid up for this exclusive favourite of my parents and of fortune.

"It happened at the age of fourteen that my brother was seized with an alarming illness. Physicians poured in in plenty. The family, though in the hottest period of summer, was suddenly removed to Dublin, for the benefit of better advice. In spite of every exertion that was made, Arthur grew worse. He appeared to be in extremity. He was given over. At length, however, the strength of his constitution conquered the attack, and he recovered.

"This event occasioned me many reflections. At first, when he was only pronounced to be in danger, and we prepared to set out for Dublin to take advantage of superior skill, my thoughts were of an antisocial order. I said to myself, Then perhaps, after all my sufferings and mortifications, I shall be the heir.—I shall be My Lord, the master of thousands, possessor of this country-seat, and of the house in Dublin, a member of the Irish House of Lords, and in no remote prospect to an English peerage. My bosom was lightened with the thought. I said to myself, I hope my brother will die!

But, when we came to Dublin, and Arthur lay at the extremity, I had far different thoughts. Death is a thing, the sight and the approach of which sobers every man. I requested to be permitted to visit my brother's bed-side, and my request was granted. I had not seen him for nearly a week. Oh, how he was altered! His cheeks were colourless; his flesh was wasted away. 'Arthur, my dear Arthur!' I said, 'how do you find yourself?'—'Richard,' he replied, 'is it you? Where have you been? I have not seen you so long. I think I am dying. But I shall always love you. We have never quarrelled. God bless you! Give me your hand, my lad!'—And he pressed it. His hand felt clammy and cold.

"From this moment I was an altered being. I felt my heart relieved as of an atrocious crime. I retired into a corner, and prayed most fervently for my brother's recovery. My parents had been unkind to me: my tutor unjust; but Arthur never. Nature had moulded him of the kindest elements. He had never taken advantage of the undue partiality that had been shewn him. He had never, by any interference of his, brought down upon me a moment's mortification and sorrow. He had made me the equal partaker of all his little possessions." i. 117—24.

The brothers join the Austrian army in their war against the infidels, and Arthur, the elder, rescues the daughter of a Greek patriot from the murderers of her father, Colocotroni, whose story affords an opportunity for a long detail of the affairs of Greece for some time back. He marries the rescued maiden, after her wavering some time between dying of grief and accepting him—is killed in a duel by a Venetian, who provokes him by speaking contemptuously of her father at a public ball, and then comes the whole pith of the plot. For thereupon our hero, putting aside in a moment all the honour, virtue and brotherly affection he has been displaying hitherto, as easily as he would take off his glove, forms the design of supplanting the child his brother's wife is on the eve of giving birth to; and with equal ease and readiness his brother's faithful valet, a most excellent man before and after, consents to, and indeed promotes with all his skill, the monstrous fraud. All tallies with their wishes: the mother dies; Cloudesley, the valet, carries off Julian, the infant heir, to educate as his own; and our hero assumes his titles and proceeds to England, to family misery and never-ending remorse. The rest of the story is nought, and indeed only used as a vehicle for conveying the author's notions on education, and the effect of circumstances upon the nature of youth. The boyhood and adolescence of Julian are eloquently described, but story there is little or none, and of interest in his fate not a particle.

The following description of his first meeting with an improvisatore strikes us as possessing great merit.

"It was not till the beginning of the third year of Julian's residence at Florence, that he enjoyed the pleasure of which he had formed such sanguine expectations. On the death of the princess, an event equally unexpected and afflicting, all public entertainments had been suspended for several weeks. The occasion on

which Julian first saw and heard Bernardino, was the first on which this extraordinary man stood forward before a public assembly, since the death of his patroness. It was announced, that in this exhibition all his performances would be of a serious cast, to conclude with a monody on the death of the princess.

"Julian was fresh from the perusal of Ariosto and the popular Italian poets. He had familiarized himself with their language; he was in the daily practice of conning their most admired passages. He was, in fact, practically speaking, native to the dialect of the Peninsula, and as if 'to the manner born.' He had therefore no difficulties which lay in the way of his gratification. He instantly entered into the phraseology and sentiment of Bernardino. But how great was to him the contrast between the school-boy reading of the poets, and the formal glosses of his instructors to which he had been accustomed, and the vehement, and, as it seemed, the inspired delivery of the *improvisatore*!

"One of the subjects was the leaping of Signor Costantino Boccali on horseback, from the bridge into the river of the Adige, at the command of his scornful mistress, as recorded by Bandello, in the forty-seventh novel of his first book, which Bernardino was called on to describe in extemporary verse. It was done to perfection. The disdain of the lady, and the generous devotedness of the lover were painted in the most glowing colours. You saw the desperate leap which the cavalier made; you saw the deep and rapid course of the river, swelled as it was with autumnal rains, and chilled with the bleak wind that swept over the Alps. The horse and his rider sank at once to the bottom, and then rose like a ball, Boccali still maintaining his seat with firmness. He directed his steed toward the bank; but, more attentive to the observing his mistress than to his own safety, he approached where the cliff was perpendicular, and it was impossible to land. Turning the bridle to correct his error, and struggling with the swiftness of the stream, an unexpected start of the animal deprived him of the stirrups and his seat, while he had still hold of the reins. He threw away them and his cloak, and set himself to swim with all his force. The spectators on the bridge shivered and screamed at sight of the imminent peril to which he was exposed; and his mistress, hitherto so unfeeling, was drowned in tears, and expressed the bitterest agony. The sight of her sympathy gave him tenfold courage. Through tremendous dangers he reached a more accessible part of the shore, and stood on dry land. His horse, freed from the load that confined him, was equally successful. Dripping as he was, the lover hastened to the feet of his mistress; and, moved by the sight of the daring and terrible act by which he had proved the sincerity of his passion, she at once dismissed the severity in which she had prided herself, and ever after considered the attachment of her cavalier as her chiefest glory.

"Julian was entranced with the narrative of the *improvisatore*. All the circumstances, as they were described, were to his apprehension realities. He saw the bridge and the river, familiar objects as they had been to him for years past. He felt with intense earnestness for the perils which Boccali encountered, and entered deeply into the courage with which he breasted them. He could scarcely keep his seat for emotion. His youthful faculties were fully commensurate to take in the thing which the poet described. He was astonished at the completeness and the living colours in which the whole was placed before him. He was filled with admiration and enthusiasm.

"Bernardino at length proceeded to his monody for the princess Violante. He expatiated on her charms and her indescribable grace. He spoke of the sweetness of her smiles, and

the melody of her voice. No taste, as her panegyrist affirmed, could be so true as hers; no sympathy so unbounded and entire. All that Rome or Greece ever knew of literature and the mimetic arts, was her own. As a stateswoman and a financier she was perfect; and no being in human form ever felt so entire a passion for the improvement and happiness of all within the reach of her influence. The poet then described the sudden revolution in the health of the princess, from a state of the most entire vigour and energy to the doors of the grave. She had been only a few days indisposed. The instant she was known to be in danger, all Florence was in alarm. It seemed as if the life of the court and of all the inhabitants was suspended on her life. And, when Bernardino came to speak of the last hours of her existence—that night of terror—that night of disaster, when the news suddenly burst on those who filled the avenues of the palace with anxious expectation, Violante is dying, our mistress is no more—the audience was drowned in tears; their sobs were audible; and the speaker was compelled to pause in his discourse by the vehemence of his emotions." p. ii. 204—10.

Such is *Cloudestley*;—exhibiting none of the long known and much admired merits of its author, save eloquence and philosophy; good as a declamation, good as an essay, but wretched as a novel.

Valence the Dreamer. A Poem. By John Phillips, M.A. London, 1830. Hatchard and Son.

We cannot much wonder that modern poetry is unpopular, since the taste of those who write it seems generally to have lapsed into mere verbosity and rant. Lord Byron and the Lake visionaries have given an impulse to the living worshippers of Apollo, and imparted a character to their mental exudations, which will render this age as notorious, to future generations, for a *caste* of poetasters, as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were for a *race* of legitimate poets. The genius of Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, will bring them up high above their own mighty and abounding absurdities, and leave them to a glorious distinction among the posterities of their country; but the locusts which swarm in their track, in the shape of imitators, absolutely darken the bright heaven of the muses, and obscure, by the density of their living flights, all that is there lovely and attracting, leaving us at length nothing but the noisomeness of their own corruption. We are not, however, disposed to class Mr. J. Phillips as a mere undistinguishable atom of this fugacious mass; but we cannot help perceiving that he is somewhat infected with the mystification which my Lord Byron and the Lakists have brought so much into vogue. Our author expresses his ardent admiration of Coleridge; but we grieve that this admiration should have seduced him into an imitation of the dreamy obscurities of that highly-gifted man.

We scarcely know how to deal with Mr. Phillips's volume, it presents such a perfect antithesis of excellence and stupidity. There is scarcely a stanza in the whole book that has not a considerable portion of both. That the author before us is a talented man, no one, who has the patience to wade through "*Valence the Dreamer*," will deny. He is an original thinker; his mind is well stored with images, but they seem to float in his brain as in an atmosphere where all is hurly-burly and confusion. He has often the most lovely thoughts, but is too fond of decking them in garish array. The genuine *aroma* of poetry frequently comes from him fresh and fragrant; yet so miserable is he in taste, and so besotted in judgment, that he continually mars the beauties of his vivid fancy, and casts into shade the often splendid irradiations of his

genius. His imagination constantly emits very dazzling rays of light; but they are like brilliant coruscations flashing through intense darkness. He takes such licences with the English vocabulary, as literally to turn it into a philological Bedlam; his poetry is absolutely sometimes nothing more nor less than "prose run mad." He knocks about the parts of speech as a child would a set of billiard balls, merely to hear their rattle. He is, moreover, eternally aiming to be splendid, and therefore decorates his thoughts in the most gaudy costume. The stuff, indeed, of which his finery is made, is generally good; but he is not over nice as to the fashion. Now, all this is very bad, and really disgraceful to Mr. Phillips, as he is evidently wise enough to know better. He has committed faults which he must know to be faults—and glaring ones too—and which he therefore ought not to have admitted into his pages. There is no excuse for a highly-talented man making a quack of himself. For our parts, we think that any one, who can evidently write extremely well, and who nevertheless dares to write extremely ill, *deserves* no mercy from the reviewer. He merits severe castigation; and we cannot help feeling seriously angry with Mr. Phillips for having so fantastically linked together beauty and deformity. We would just hint to him, moreover, that a literary coxcomb is even more insufferable than a coxcomb in dress. We are sorry that the author of "*Valence the Dreamer*" did not study better models; we should not have then had such absurdities as the following:—

Nor is 't my aim, with Coleridge, or with Southey,
A venturous shaft upon the winds to cast;
And, witch-like mounted, singing mild, to plough the
Regions of high air, on wizard blast.

Howe'er this be, we will not here stopping,
Invite array of every fair excuse;
Why thus the Dreamer lay, his blossoms cropping,
And scattering on the winds in weak abuse,

With soul as icy too, as closely locked,
As the stark Pole by frozen centuries blocked.

What face so lovely as the face of Morning,
Tricked with the smile and breathing grace of health—
Peeping from forth the beldame Night's dim
awning,
And glancing out with look and air of health.

We could find similar absurdities in almost every page, but we forbear; and shall now assume the more agreeable task of quoting a few passages which will show how well Mr. Phillips can write:—

Full to the Dreamer's gaze—his constant view!
The Towers of Chappellaine rose tall and fair,
Quite grey with years, and with endurance too
Of all the toil of years from sun and air.

Here 'battles, sieges, fortunes,' had been past,
And lost, and won; and still those lofty towers,
Rearing their giant heads, had lived the blast,
And told the sunshine of succeeding hours.
And now, in stoutness visible, of age,
They claimed the force of fresher wars to wage.
They threw their turret-heads up to the sun,
Claiming his mantling honours stern and proud;
Bidding his rays o'er all their glory run.

But nought the moon would listen of his prayer,
Moping and hooded, deep within her cave,
She shot no glance out on the murky air,
The shut and deadening shades to break and brave;
Deaf and unmannered quite! While, sweeping gale,
Frequent, not constant, did, with yell and rave,
Lift up such voice, as of a funeral wail,
Shrieked o'er the closing of a murderer's grave.

It could not thus—it could not thus proceed:
Not farther, higher, should it lift its head!
'T had wanted on from blossom into seed,
And now it must be in its season shed.
And who would stand the gathering? who should bear,
Through the thronged trampling of the raging crowd,
His course right onwards, with untroubled air,
And list in safety, list, the tumult loud?
Who should the close concussion stand and see,
And breathe it bravely out, unspotted, pure, and free?

The fight at the end of the third cant is written with great spirit; and the cave scene in the fourth, in spite of its abounding faults, is powerfully touching.—Among the miscellaneous pieces there is a Sonnet of considerable beauty:

To my Myrtle in November.

And thou remain'st, beyond the gaudy flower,
The fair, false summer bloom of plant and tree!
And thou remain'st, in this my lonely hour,
To throw the gladness of thy smile on me!
Thus, in past days of sunshine, I was true,
When many a blossom fleeced thy modest mien;
I poured into thy soil the freshening dew,
And thou art constant in thy guise of green.
Thus with my swelling hopes, once proud and gay,
Holding my fancy in unsure delight,
Eddying and flaunting in their vain array,
They glared—then drooped them to an early blight.
Even as this myrtle too! one hope I save,
To crown all seasons, and all storms to brave!

Although we have not been sparing in our censures of Mr. Phillips, because we considered him deserving of them, still we would not discourage his poetical ambition. We invite him to renewed exertions,—thinking him, in spite of all we have said, a very clever person, who deserves to be, and it is his own fault if he be not, hereafter popular.

PERUVIAN MINES AND MINERS.

Travels in various parts of Peru, including a Year's Residence in Potosi. By Edmond Temple, Knight of the royal and distinguished order of Charles III. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

IN the year 1825, memorable for the speculation mania, our author, El Señor Caballero Edmondo Temple, received from the "Potosi, La Paz, and Peruvian Mining Association," the very promising appointment of secretary to their establishment at Potosi. On the 22nd September of that year, he started from London in company with three other principal officers of this grand enterprise. The first was a *ci-devant* general (our secretary himself, it seems, had been a captain of cavalry in the Spanish service,) as Chief Commissioner; the second a noble Baron, (not a British Peer, we conclude, from the title Czetztritz, yet no Dousterswivel, we are assured by his scribbling comrade,) as chief of the mining department; and the third, an individual of more humble rank, as became the modesty of his pursuit, neither general, nor baron, nor knight of the spur, or any other distinguished or undistinguished order, but a simple undecorated, ungraduated M. r, to whom was assigned the duty of making mineralogical and other scientific observations. The General Chief Commissioner, the Baron Chief Miner, the Knight Secretary, and their untitled scientific companion, equipped with a splendour suited to their own rank and the importance of the undertaking, and still more correspondent with the views of the speculators, were rattled down to Falmouth in a coach and four. Their vehicle was a new fashionable carriage, built expressly for them by the care of the directors of the association, who, with that profound knowledge of circumstances which distinguished most of the enterprises of the kind of that day, had provided this and other aids to the comfort and ease of their servants in travelling across the Pampas and Cordilleras of South America! On arriving at Buenos Ayres, the officers of the Potosi, La Paz, and Peruvian Mining Association, found their fashionable carriage perfectly unfit for their purpose, and were under the necessity of parting with it, and purchasing for 2000 sterling, a vehicle of the country, better adapted for the nature of the region which they had to traverse. The expedition arrived at Potosi; but almost before operations there were commenced, news arrived of the bursting of the bubble in England, of the quarrels of directors, the defalcation of shareholders, and of the impossibility

of furnishing funds for the making even a month's trial of the undertaking. We need not add, that the enterprise failed altogether.

In the meantime, however, the Chevalier Temple had not been idle; he had kept a journal of occurrences, and notes of his observations; and the two volumes now before us, are the result of his labours, and of the magnificent projects of the *Pazza*† Potosi—we beg pardon,—Potosi, la Paz, and Peruvian Mining Association. The information they contain is somewhat dearly purchased, perhaps; yet is it worth a good sum, both as a warning and an index to future speculators. Mr. Temple is evidently a very sensible person, and although not proof against infection from a delusion so universally epidemic as that which prevailed in 1825, he seems, generally speaking, to be capable of taking a very judicious view of things. The contents of his work may be apportioned into three divisions. In the first, and this would comprise the greatest part of them, would be classed that portion which is or aims to be merely amusing; such are accounts of personal adventures and mishaps, disappointments and unexpected gratifications, hardships and vexations, with observations on the manners and habits of a strange people—strange, that is to say, to Mr. Temple at the time his notes were penned: but, thanks to the number of publications by secretaries to mining companies, and by officers of other expeditions, already familiar enough to the general reader. The second division would contain a mass of details and hints instructive to all monied people, and amusing to some: amusing to those, for instance, whose fingers remained unscathed in the conflagration of '25; but instructive to all who stand in the perplexing predicament of possessing capital for which they are in search of a suitable investment. A third division might be considered merely instructive, and would consist of details of mining and other business, and calculations of the probable prospects of success for future speculations, and statements of views of the principles on which such enterprises might be established, and the methods with which they might be conducted, advantageously. On this head Mr. Temple combats the notion, that the mines of Peru are exhausted; he shows that the assertions that they no longer contain treasure, are the mere ebullitions of disappointed adventurers, as groundless as were their former senseless hopes. On the contrary, he expresses a decided opinion that the mines of Peru present a very fair field for speculation economically and judiciously directed. We thank him particularly for the enlightened view he takes of the money and loan transactions between the New States and the capitalists of this country: showing the trifling proportion of assistance actually derived from them to the Americans, and the small amount of wealth really drawn from this country, he almost hints that the non-payment of dividends is to be justified! We leave this question for the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange to settle.

The volumes of Mr. Temple derive their principal charm from the indulgence and kind-heartedness with which he views and describes the conduct, manners and habits of the natives of South America, whether of aboriginal, Spanish, or mixed stock. He is evidently one who has previously *roughed it* in other countries, and whose John-Bullism has been effectually shaken out of him. Many of his descriptions are lively—others attempt to be so; for the effort to be facetious is not constantly successful. The account of the journey across the Pampas might have been spared, or at least vastly shortened. That journey is not one which, either in reader or traveller, can inspire interest a second time.

† *Pazza*, *Insanus*.—Vocab. deg. Acad. della Crusca.

The narrative bespeaks more excitement in the author, and becomes more entertaining, after the vast plains are left behind. The following account of the passage of the river Santiago is among the most amusing travelling adventures met with by our author, and affords a fair specimen of the nature and power of his graphic abilities.

South American Ferry-boats.

"At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, having travelled about twelve leagues, we arrived at the village of Loreto, where we stopped at the post-house, 'to take counsel and to take tea,' and sent forward our capataz, with one of our party, to explore the pass of the river, distant from the village about half a league. Their report was, that the river was much swollen, and impossible to be passed without the assistance of *balsas*, unless we became Robinson Crusoes, and took time and patience to fell timber and construct a raft; and here again we thought, that in the course of two hundred and fifty years' dominion over this portion of the New World, the Spanish government might have been at the pains to construct a bridge of some kind for their own convenience, even though that of the community at large was indifferent to them. Be that as it may, the excessive heat was of itself a sufficient impediment to our becoming industrious; we therefore availed ourselves of a machine of primitive simplicity, and leaving Loreto, accompanied by half a dozen peones of the country, we arrived at the edge of the river, where we dismounted from our carriage and unloaded our carts. The peones immediately prepared, out of two bullocks' hides with which they were provided, two boats for receiving their freight; a preparation which I inspected with more than ordinary interest, for I could not comprehend how our heavy baggage and ourselves were to be conveyed safe and dry across a broad, deep, and very rapid river, in the single hide of a bullock! In circumstances of navigation, a jolly-boat had hitherto been the smallest bark I had ever been in on perilous occasions; but all my nautical practice could not prevent me, on viewing the vessel in which I was about to embark, (with all my property, and two paroquets in a cage,) from betraying symptoms that no indifferent person could have witnessed without setting me down as a man of a somewhat nervous constitution.

"The boats were constructed in a much shorter time than I require to describe them, although their description may be given in a few words, thus:—Take a dried bullock's hide, pinch up each of the four corners, put a stitch with a thorn to keep those corners together, and your boat is made. For use, place it upon the water, bottom downwards; then, to prevent its natural tendency to turn bottom *upwards*, put one foot immediately in the centre, and let the other follow with the most delicate caution; thus, standing breathless in the middle, you are now to shrink downwards, contracting your body precisely in the manner in which, probably in your childhood, you have pressed a *frim* into a *snuff-box*. This position, however inconvenient, serves to conceal a considerable share of timidity from your companions, though not from the spectators, who line the banks of the river, indulging in loud wild laughter. When crouched down in the bottom, sundry articles are handed in, and ingeniously deposited round you, until the *balsa* sinks to about an inch, or perhaps an inch and a half from the water's edge; it is then considered sufficiently laden. A naked peone now plunges into the stream. 'Mercy on us!' is the natural exclamation; for the first impression from the shock is, that yourself and all your property are going to the bottom; but you are instantly relieved from this very probable conjecture, by the peone's taking hold of one of the corners of the *balsa*, (which projects like

that of a cocked hat,) and asking you—'*Está V. bien?*' 'Are you comfortable?' To this question you reply by a nod of the head, for the use of the tongue is lost, but even if words were at command, you may not wish to commit yourself by expressions diametrically opposed to feelings and symptoms; or you may wish it to be imagined, as is sometimes practised in perilous situations, that your profound silence indicates indifference of danger, or may pass for coolness and presence of mind. Silence also conveys an idea of gravity, and of resignation to your fate, which, indeed, is no more than becoming, when you feel persuaded that nothing short of a miracle can prolong your existence beyond a quarter of an hour. The nod being given, a peone on the shore imparts a gentle impulse to your tottering bark, while the peone in the water, keeping hold of the corner with one hand, strikes out with the other, and swims away with you to the opposite bank. The moment you touch it, so great is your joyful surprise at arriving perfectly safe, that all the perils of your voyage are forgotten, and you soon find out (as is often the case in life), that your imagination had represented dangers and difficulties, where, with a little caution, there existed neither the one nor the other.

"In the foregoing manner, we and the whole of our luggage crossed this rapid river, our two boats plying backward and forward with the greatest ease and expedition, carrying each voyage three or four heavy portmanteaus and other articles. Two passengers may cross at one time in a *balsa*, squeezed up as I have before described, taking especial care not to make the slightest movement, which would inevitably capsize this crazy and truly original bark." i. 123—7.

We extract two anecdotes sufficiently facetious. With regard to their claims to be received literally, they are both, perhaps, to be classed in the large family of good stories. We can, at any rate, venture to vouch that a man may practise the particular mode of politeness on which they are founded, for many years, without having any such advantage taken of his good manners, as is referred to in the following passage:

"The compliments of Spanish society have been practised in ancient and modern times, and may be very adroitly rendered subservient to self-interest, sometimes to the confusion of one party and to the benefit of another, as the following instances will show. The learned countess d'Aunoy, on her travels through Spain a hundred and fifty years ago, wrote to a friend at Paris in these terms: 'I was sitting at table, when one of my women brought me my watch to wind it up, as it was my custom at noon: it was a striking watch of Tompion's make, and cost me fifty louis d'ors. My banker, who was by me, expressed a desire to see it. I gave it him with the *customary* civility. This was enough: my blade rises and makes me a profound reverence, telling me that he did not deserve so considerable a present, but that such a lady as I could make no other, and he would engage his faith that he would never part with my watch as long as he lived. He kissed it, at the end of this pleasant compliment, and thrust it into the pocket of his small-clothes. You will take me to be a very great *rot* for saying nothing to all this, and I do not wonder at it. But I confess I was so surprised at this proceeding, that the watch was out of sight before I could resolve on what I was to do; in fine, I let him go with it, and endeavoured to do myself honour from a thing which gave me great mortification—but it will be my fault if I am trapped again.' Thus far the countess d'Aunoy—the following adventure is my own. In the Peninsula war, I became acquainted with a Spanish colonel, whose regiment was in the same brigade as that

to which I belonged, and whenever I chanced to praise his horses, or admire anything belonging to him, he always said with a 'profound reverence' that it was at my service. Knowing this to be empty compliment on his part, I thought the least I could do for civility's sake was to make a similar reply on similar occasions. One day he observed in a corner of my room a new sabre, which I had just received from England, and taking it up, he expressed his admiration in terms that induced me, with infinite politeness, to assure him it was at his service. This was enough, my blade rises, (as the countess observes,) makes me a profound reverence, and in an instant both blades disappeared—but 'it will be my fault if I am trapped again.' " i. 196—8.

Of the many domestic pictures in which the travels abound, we are at a loss to choose the best; but we think the following account of a night spent under the hospitable roof of the curate of the village Caracolla, situated among the mountains, altogether the most striking, novel, and characteristic. Our traveller happened to arrive at Caracolla on an anniversary, "the festival of the Elevation of the Cross," which had brought together the inhabitants of the country, Indians and others, for miles around, all habited in their gayest attire. He sought the hospitality of the curate, and was well received: for the rest he shall speak for himself.

"After partaking of a very good supper, I spread my horse sheets in the middle of the floor, and, wrapped in my poncho, with my saddle under my head, in spite of the uproarious mirth of the villagers without, I soon ceased to think of the manners, customs, fancies, antipathies, whims, and oddities, of the world, which vary every day we live and every mile we go.

"As the night advanced, the merriment of the village festival subsided, and wearied parties gradually filled the house of the curate, to whom, as to me, the roof for a covering and the floor for a bed were frequently bestowed; and a much greater number availed themselves of this hospitality than it was ever contemplated, in the construction of the house, should one day be entertained within its walls. The frequent stepping over me and on me, and the whisperings and bustling of the retiring parties, roused me from my comfortable sleep, and occasioned for a moment that sort of fretful ill-humour which usually occurs on being unexpectedly or unnecessarily disturbed. It was, however, only for a moment, for upon raising my head and looking round me, a feeling of a very opposite kind was excited by the curious scene in which I found myself the centre.

"A large church taper,—a perquisite, I presume, of his reverence's,—was supported on the floor in the middle of the apartment—I thought of the pillar of light and the Israelites, but for the life of me, I cannot tell why. By the glare of this taper, I counted seventeen persons, male and female, some of them most fantastically dressed, reposing and preparing for repose. The men laid themselves down just as they came in and chanced to find a vacant space upon the floor. The females all said an *Ave-maria*, told their beads, crossed themselves, and undressed; then placing their thickly-quilted petticoats for a bed, they also lay down *sans cérémonie* as they best could, covering themselves with their shawls:—

"There they were, the girls and boys,
As thick as hasty-pudding."

Two young Cholas, fifteen or sixteen years of age, were close at the foot of where I had extended myself for the night; but had they been in the remotest corner of our sty-like dormitory, they must have attracted the particular attention of a stranger. They had, no doubt, been acting

some principal characters in the processions of the day, for they represented precisely those figures which we so often see in rather gaudy colours as emblems of America, and which, with the other quarters of the world, are favourite ornaments in cottages and villages among the humble amateurs of the fine arts. The Cholas, having performed their devotions, and partly divested themselves of their dresses, mutually assisted in arranging and plaiting their long shining tresses, literally glistening with jet, which partly hung down their finely-formed bronze-coloured shoulders, and partly concealed in front charms of which they themselves, simple village maids! seemed unconscious, but of which an eastern empress might have been justly proud. Their necks,—meaning of course that part of the person which ladies blushing term 'bosom,'—were of delightful amplitude; their arms *potelé*, as the French term it; and the breadth across the hips prodigious. * * *

"The extremely opposite effects produced upon the mind within the space of a few minutes, by being in contact with the bloom of youth and the decrepitude of age, no man had a fairer opportunity of experiencing than I had in the night-scene at the curate's house.

"After being disturbed, I had raised myself on my elbow, and was reposing with my head on my hand, viewing at my ease, not the phantoms of a dream, but in charming reality—

"Nymphs with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd legs and bosoms bare,
Their waists with myrtle girdle bound,
Their brows with Indian feathers crown'd,"

seated at the foot of my bed-place, arranging those locks which lovers might have wished to tangle, and talking unconcerned about all around them, of the amusements of the day, when suddenly a push at my back, accompanied with a loud sigh, such as is heaved in excessive weariness, induced me to turn round, and, to my unutterable confusion, I found an old wizened, winter-apple-looking creature laying her bones beside me, as closely as she could well do without becoming the actual partner of my bed. I had nothing to say on the score of 'familiarity,' for it may easily be conjectured that, in my situation, the very best argument I could have adduced in favour of rank or birth, or on the propriety of keeping at a respectful distance from superiors, could not have obtained for me an iota of distinction, or, what was more to be desired, one inch of ground. * * *

"Having recoiled from this Hecate as much as was in my power, but far from so much as I desired, I was just about to wish her at the abode of evil spirits, when one of the Cholas with finger and thumb extinguished the taper, and in the same instant all was darkness and silence.

"17th. Soft shades of light from the blushing east had just announced the approach of day, when I awoke and immediately prepared to depart, but first wondered within myself how I could have slept in the midst of such a din as now assailed my ears in discordant tones of *thorough-bass*, proving with full effect the propriety and force of the phrase, 'sonorous silence.' Soon the feeble gray of morning enabled me to distinguish the objects around, when, dreading to discover the old civet-cat that had crouched behind me, I looked anxiously upon those with whom I was in immediate contact. But lo! a second cause of wonder occurred, on finding myself—between the two young Cholas! How I got there!—as well as I can guess,—I cannot tell; but it may have been, that in my sleep, haunted by the phantom of decrepitude, I receded timorously towards corporeal protection, and thus must have gradually descended into my more desirable position. Even in the profoundest sleep, many persons leave their comfortable beds without any other object than to walk, and talk, and jump out of windows; but

here, though prudery, that usual mask of the impure minds, may condemn, yet those of a less gloomy turn of thought will allow, that I merely abandoned the chill sterility of winter for the genial luxuriance of summer—that I had fled from a bleak inhospitable desert, to repose myself in the delightful regions between the tropics.

"When about to leave my close quarters, and in the act of stepping over the Chola between me and the door-way, the large awkward silver spurs, with which my heels were armed, caught in the petticoat which covered her, and, in the exertion to save myself from falling, I dragged off the garment. This instantly roused the slumbering Chola, whom I had no difficulty in assuring of the perfectly unintentional accident, and indeed her laughing black eye, as it sparkled in the twilight, indicated anything but anger. When she had disengaged my spur, I replaced the petticoat with a becoming assiduity to the full as smoothly as it was before, then, having given, with all due effect, a farewell salute, within ten minutes afterwards I was pursuing my journey to La Paz." ii. 45—52.

THE DE STAEL FAMILY.

Œuvres Diverses de M. le Baron Auguste de Staël, précédées d'une Notice sur sa Vie, et suivies de quelques Lettres inédites sur l'Angleterre. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, Treuttel & Co.

[Second Notice.]

NAPOLEON was passing through Savoy on his way to Paris, and on his arrival at Chambéry, where Augustus had been waiting three days to intercept him, the sudden cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" at half past six in the morning, made the youth spring from his bed, on which he had thrown himself only half undressed. He saw the Emperor pass, enveloped in a kind of Mameluke pelisse, and enter one of the rooms of the inn, and having delivered to Lauriston his letter, requesting an audience, he waited without; and in about half an hour was called into the presence. Duroc, Lauriston and two other officers, were seated at table with Napoleon, who was waited upon by his Mameluke Rustan.

Nap. Where do you come from?

Ang. From Geneva, Sir.

Nap. Where is your mother?

Ang. At Vienna, or about to arrive there.

Nap. Well, she is very well there; she ought to be satisfied—she will have plenty of time to learn German.

Ang. Sir, she is there far from her friends, from everything endeared to her by habit, from her country. I could prove to your Majesty, by her most confidential letters, how melancholy and unhappy she is in her exile.

Nap. Ah! that is just like your mother. I do not say that she is a wicked woman—she is clever, exceedingly clever, perhaps too much so; but she is under no restraint, no sort of subordination—she was brought up amidst the chaos of a falling monarchy and the revolution. Of all that she makes a precious medley! That might become dangerous; with her elevated ideas, she might make proselytes. I must look to it: she does not love me. For the sake of persons she would compromise, I ought not to allow her to return to Paris. But suppose for a moment that I allowed her to return, she would not be six months in Paris before I should be compelled to send her to Bicêtre, or shut her up in the Temple; and that I should be sorry to do, for it would make people talk—it might do me some injury in public opinion. Tell your mother, therefore, that so long as I live, she never shall set her foot in Paris. That is my irrevocable determination.

Ang. Your Majesty assuredly would not send my mother to prison in an arbitrary manner, and without a single cause?

Nap. She would give me ten causes! I know her well.

Aug. Allow me to tell your Majesty, that so certain am I that she would conduct herself irreproachably in the eyes of your Majesty, that she would live retired, and see only a small number of friends, that I will venture once more, in spite of your Majesty's refusal, to supplicate you to give her a trial, if only for six weeks or a month. Give her leave, Sire, to come and pass that time in Paris, and I conjure you not to come to any definitive resolution before.

Nap. Yes, yes; I see very well what you would be at; but it is impossible. I am not to be caught by these fine promises! Talk of not seeing any one!—think you she could do that? She would play the fool—she would receive and pay visits—she would be cutting jokes, and think nothing of them, while I should think a great deal: my government is no joke—I take everything seriously;—that should be known, and you may tell it to all the world.

[After this scene had lasted for some time, during which the Emperor spoke so much and so fast, that Augustus was always obliged to interrupt him to get in his word, the petitioner changed his ground.]

Aug. Sire, will your Majesty permit me, as a son, to ask—what can have displeased you so much with my mother? I have been told by several persons that it is my grandfather's last work; but I can swear to your Majesty, that my mother had no hand whatever in that.

Nap. (with sudden animation.) Yes, certainly, it is that work which is in a great measure the cause of it. Your grandfather was an ideologist, a madman, an old maniac. At sixty years of age to pretend to overturn my constitution—to make new plans of a constitution! States would be finely governed indeed, by these men of systems—these makers of thrones, who judge men by books, and the world by maps!

Aug. But, Sire, I cannot imagine why you are so much irritated against a work so purely theoretical. I am persuaded, indeed, that your Majesty has never read it all, but must have taken your impressions respecting it from the criticisms of some malicious persons.

Nap. Not at all: I have read it from end to end.

Aug. Your Majesty has then observed the justice done to your genius—

Nap. Oh! bah! He calls me the necessary man—the necessary man!—and according to him, the first thing that should be done, is to cut this necessary man's throat (*breaking into a passion, and abusing M. Necker*). He overturned the monarchy—he led the king to the scaffold. His goods confiscated for defending the king! Why, did they not confiscate the goods of Robespierre? It was M. Necker who caused the revolution: you did not see it, but I was there. Well, after all, I have nothing to complain of, since the result has been, that I have got hold of (*attraper*) the throne—(*looking with a smile to the four gentlemen at table, who, however, did not move a muscle, but sat like so many watch-dogs.*) However, the reign of turbulence is now ended, and subordination is what we want. Respect authority, for it comes from God. You are young, and well brought up; pursue a better path; accustom yourself to subordination, and have nothing to do with these bad principles.

Aug. Sire, if your Majesty honours me so far as to think me well brought up, you should not condemn the principles in which I have been brought up, and which are those of my grandfather and my mother.

Nap. Ah, well! keep yourself right in politics, for I shall not pardon the least deviation (*getting up and taking Augustus by the ear in a good-natured manner*). You are very young; if you were as old as I am, you would understand

things better; but I love, notwithstanding, to hear a son plead the cause of his mother. She intrusted a very difficult commission to you, and you have acquitted yourself of it with spirit.

Augustus still returned to the charge, and the Emperor, with infinite good-humour, and considerable ingenuity, argued on the unreasonableness of Madame de Staël's complaining of an exile, which left all Europe open to her except France.

Nap. But why, once more, is your mother so desirous of coming within the range of this tyranny?—you see I do not mind the word. Let her go to Rome, to Naples, to Vienna, to Berlin, to Milan, to Lyons—let her go to London, if she wishes to write libels;—but Paris, you see, is the place where I live, and I wish to have nobody there but those who love me.

After an audience of three quarters of an hour, Augustus had the mortification to find that there was no hope of success. He had, nevertheless, been treated with great politeness, and even kindness, by the Emperor, who seemed desirous of prolonging the conversation. There was a general calmness in Napoleon's tone, which resembled gentleness, but which his interlocutor sets down as the result of a habit, which a man would be apt to acquire, whose least word is regarded as a law. A short time afterwards, whether owing or not to the admiration which the Emperor felt for "the son who pleads the cause of his mother," Augustus was honoured with a direct persecution, and commanded to retire into Switzerland. At Coppet the family found themselves in a kind of imprisonment, surrounded on all sides by the spies of the French government; but at length Madame de Staël and her daughter, assisted by Augustus, effected their escape, while he remained alone for another year. In 1815 he rejoined his family in Sweden, from whence he travelled into England, where he remained till 1817.

When M. de Staël found himself once more with his mother and sister in the capital of France, the busy scene on which he looked round was new to his eyes, and in the highest degree exciting to his imagination. Although sometime after its overthrow, the ruins of the imperial power were still standing, menacing even in their decay; and while some looked mournfully on, others were secretly consulting how to prop up the shattered edifice, or rebuild with the fragments. By far the greater number, however, whether from motives of policy, patriotism, or mere vulgar love of novelty, were seen rushing to offer their services to the new state artificers. Everything was in motion; society was stirred up from its very bottom; and the Parisian mind, never very cool, was at the boiling point of hissing, whirling, dancing, splashing, and, above all, bubbling. France had begun to breathe, as if recovered from a swoon, and her first suspicions were made in struggling and gasping.

With all the enthusiasm of his character, Augustus threw himself into the current; and never was the cry of Liberty heard from lips more sincere, or uttered with a purpose more pure. Hardly, however, had he entered on his new career, than his progress was arrested by an invisible hand. On the 14th of September, 1817, his mother died. From this period is dated the commencement of the religious era of his character—a period well calculated, it may be conceived, to excite reflection. Naturally of a grave, and even melancholy disposition, his enthusiasm became now tinged with a kind of religious solemnity; but no startling suddenness was perceived in the change, and no fanatical austerity in the withdrawal of his mind from the world. Two years after, he wrote on political subjects; and during the whole of his remaining life, never failed to devote some portion of his time to the pursuits of literature.

As secretary to the Protestant Bible Society of Paris, he is said to have done immense good by his example and exertions. His reports drawn up in that capacity are strikingly different from all those of a like description which we have seen. They are not mere outlines of details, and bare and cold statements of finance, but masterly expositions of the *morale* as well as the *materiel* of the institution, involving inquiries into the most interesting questions of Christian morality. The Caisse d'Épargne, the Société d'Encouragement, the Société de l'Instruction Élémentaire, and the Société de la Morale Chrétienne, also benefited by his zealous exertions. In 1822 he became treasurer to the Société des Traités Religieux, which he found struggling with its own poverty and the prejudices of the multitude; and at the same time lent his powerful influence and co-operation to the Société des Missions Évangéliques chez les Peuples non Chrêtiens. In that year also he visited England with his brother-in-law, the Duke de Broglie, where his reception, by the friends of moral and religious improvement, was highly gratifying. He ever after remembered with peculiar delight a Sunday spent in the house of Mr. Wilberforce; and when in Scotland, was much struck with the devout and beautiful practice of family-worship, still extant in many parts of that country. In 1823, his agricultural enterprises,—the object of which was at once to ameliorate the physical condition, and promote the moral improvement of the people,—began to excite attention. The plan was vast and complicated, and the experiment was made on a considerable scale; but he toiled through its details with the most patient industry. His feelings may be conceived, when he one day received the intelligence that a considerable part of these cherished establishments, which had cost him so much trouble, and in which his fortune was embarked, had been burned down. These feelings were evinced in the hurried and alarmed question, "*Was anybody hurt?*"

In 1825 M. de Staël set out on a tour through the French provinces, the object of which was to ascertain the state of the Protestant population, and to stimulate the churches in favour of the Bible Society, and other religious institutions. In this journey he also collected materials for his exposition of the horrors of the slave-trade, obtaining, more particularly at Nantes, the then principal den of infamy, actual specimens of the engines of constraint and torture made use of against the slaves by their Christian butchers. Enriched with these spoils, he returned to Paris, and, by their public exhibition, silenced at once the tongue of mendacious cruelty, and fired with indignation the before cold and careless. On the 6th February 1827, he entered into a new relation with society, by becoming a husband. His wife was Mdlle. A. Vernet, of Geneva. The first part of the year he spent in travelling; towards its close, he set out on a longer and more important journey. On the 8th of November he was seized with a bilious fever; on the 16th, sitting up in his bed, he requested the attention of his surrounding friends, and prayed aloud for himself, for his family, and for his country; on the 17th, he departed to intercede in person for the objects of his affection, if we are permitted to believe that Christian philanthropy can be carried beyond the grave.

The principal contents of the volumes, in which we are offered the works of Augustus de Staël, are an account of the political institutions and private manners of England, given chiefly in relation to those of France, and a sketch of the life of M. Necker. We ought to remark, however, that his speeches at the meetings of different institutions, by which he was chiefly known to the religious world, have never been printed; and, in fact, many of the most brilliant

were delivered without premeditation. We are informed in the "Archives du Christianisme," that those produced very great effect, and that it was only the modesty of the author which prevented his complying with the solicitations of his friends to prepare them for the press. The "Lettres sur l'Angleterre," appeared first in 1825, but have since been several times reprinted and translated. They are distinguished by enlarged views, and noble and generous sentiments. The view of the peculiarities which render it difficult for a foreigner to proceed safely on general principles in his judgment of the British nation, and the comparison between the progress of civilization in France and England, with which the work commences, are particularly acute, and sometimes profound. It would be useless, however, to go into a detailed account of a work as well known in England as in France; and we shall therefore merely add, that it was the intention of M. de Staël to have published a second volume, containing disquisitions on elections, the Catholic question, and the religious state of the country. Two fragments are preserved of the first two chapters of this intended volume, which betray us into more selfish regrets for the untimely fate of the accomplished author. Besides these Letters, and the Life of Necker, there are several political essays and miscellaneous papers of interest, including the documents relative to the slave-trade. The biographical sketch prefixed to the work is from the pen of the Duchess de Broglie; and, independently of its literary and religious merit, will ever be viewed with peculiar interest as the tribute paid by a beloved sister to the memory of one so firmly bound to the sympathies of his surviving fellows of mortality, by the treble tie of name, talent, and virtue.

Steamers v. Stages; or, Andrew and his Spouse.
By the Author of York and Lancaster. Illustrated with engravings on wood, after the designs of Robert Cruikshank. 1830. Kidd.

The author of "York and Lancaster," with very becoming modesty, acknowledges his inferiority to the king of punsters, Mr. Hood; and his coadjutor, Mr. Robert Cruikshank, professes himself, we take it for granted, only a very distant follower of the prince of caricaturists, the illustrator of "*Tempus edax*!" They hope, however, since "punning is the order of the day, and nobility and mobility, all are punsters," that a humble imitation of those great masters, may be permitted. Now this is certainly modest, and an old maxim requires that modesty should be encouraged. Although therefore but little alive ourselves to the beauty of punning of the very best kind, we deem it just to give this little production the benefit of an announcement in our journal. The sallies in the following incident may have something in them perhaps beyond our comprehension. By extracting the passage, we pursue but our constant custom of referring to a higher tribunal on points on which we feel our own incompetency. We leave the decision to the "nobility and mobility."

There was a man who ran away from Bridewell,
And now seem'd really seeking for a Bride;
For having laid his hand upon his side well,
He vow'd himself in love with Miss Bytyle.

Now Miss Bytyle thought it betided well,
When Mr. Jaylor's tender speech begun;
She did not know, for there were none to tell,
How late her Jaylor from the jail had run.

And so she listened with a tender smile; she,
While he was in ecstasies, seem'd in glory;
He vow'd, and vow'd, and in that little while, he
Her pocket pick'd—she pocketed his story.

This is a fair sample of the puns brought to market in "Steamers v. Stages." We feel certain of gaining by the extract the approbation of some of our constant readers, and especially

of a certain correspondent who, under that signature, addressed us a short time since, and to whom we take this opportunity of apologizing for not taking earlier notice of his communication. The object of the epistle we have alluded to was, to request us in one number of the Athenæum, to put the following question: When was Sir William Curtis most like a ghost? and in the next to solve the enigma by answering, "When he was a goblin-g." It is a rule, we understand, with punsters, that the worse the pun the better the joke:—but to return to Steamers and Stages. The cuts remind us too much of the performances in a similar kind of George Cruikshank. They have not, of course, the spirit of that inimitable master of caricature, yet we have known less humorous productions create roars of laughter.

1. *A Practical Treatise on General or Partial Debility, &c.; and on the most effectual means of preventing and curing Organic Diseases, &c. by Diet, Exercise, and the Round-leaf Cornel, where a tonic remedy is necessary.* By S. H. Robinson, M.D. 8vo. 3d Edit. Higley.

2. *A Practical Treatise on the Anti-Asthmatic properties of the Bladder-podded Lobelia, &c.; to which is added an account of the Chyragita Herb, lately introduced as a remedy for nervous and gouty Indigestion, &c.* By Richard Reece, M.D. 8vo. Ridgway.

THE science of medicine has been much improved within the last few years, by the addition of many valuable articles to our *Materia Medica*, the virtues of which have been made known by the physicians of America, France, and Germany. The object of the two pamphlets before us, is to recommend to the medical and scientific public, two important medicines,—the one the Round-leaf Cornel (*Cornus Circinata*, Linn.), for the cure of general and local debility, and the *Lobelia Inflata* or Bladder-podded Lobelia, for the relief of asthma, on the authority of some of the most eminent physicians of the United States, and several respectable practitioners in this country, with whom it appears to have succeeded remarkably well.

The Round-leaf Cornel is only recommended when the stomach does not perform its functions correctly, or when the whole system is evidently relaxed, and the adjuncts are only necessary when the intestines are sluggish, or when the nervous frame is in a state of excitement or debility. The author appears very sanguine as to the general introduction of this remedy, inasmuch as he states it to be incapable of doing the smallest mischief, being more innocent than wine, and at the same time more efficacious as a tonic.

The various articles of diet are worth attention; their merits and demerits being impartially considered; and to weak or sickly individuals, we need hardly say, that considerable attention should always be devoted to this subject.

With regard to the second pamphlet, written by Dr. Reece, on the *Lobelia Inflata*, he has published his own account of its value in many severe cases of asthma, which had resisted other remedies, and this is confirmed by the testimonies of Drs. Cullen, Stewart, Drury, Barton and Andrews, who appear to have employed it with similar results. And considering the imperfect knowledge we possess of the medical virtues of many plants, we think that Dr. Robinson and Dr. Reece are entitled to the thanks of the public, particularly the latter, who has been the means of making public most of the continental remedies, which the Royal College of Physicians, in their last Pharmacopœia, have not condescended to notice, notwithstanding their general use among the more scientific members of the profession. The above pamphlets are written in

a popular easy style, and are, not like many essays on domestic medicine, calculated to mislead the unfortunate sufferer.

Mount Sinai. A Poem. By William Phillips, of the Middle Temple. London, 1830. Maunder.

WHEN we took up this formidable parallelogram of hot-press and letter-press, we were very sensibly struck with the beauty of the illustration which faces the title-page. We said to ourselves—Well! surely a harbinger so lovely can scarcely lead us to anything short of excellence. But—*Oh Dieu!* how were we deceived! Disappointment clung to us, during the whole progress of our reading, like a tormenting night-mare, until we absolutely groaned and writhed under its inflictions. We could not trace a single passage in the volume, which can merit a place even in an "Annual." The whole book is full of absurdities; and a line and a half from Dr. Hurd, with the change of a single word, will be just to our purpose, as furnishing a happy illustration of its character! There is in it

Nothing to please, and nothing to instruct—
Nothing but noisome weeds.

Young men should not print, until they have submitted their manuscripts to some literary person who should be capable of telling them honestly, whether they have talent sufficient to come before a fastidious public. By doing so, they would avoid committing literary transgressions, which may be subjects of regret for the rest of their lives.

The Arcana of Science and Art; or, an Annual Register of Popular Inventions and Improvements, &c. London, 1830. Limbird.

THE steam-carriage competition on the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, which took place in October last, will mark 1829 as an epoch in the history of mechanical arts. It is very natural, therefore, that the 'Register of Inventions' should give to the account of that important exhibition of machinery the precedence of all other improvements during the year. Accordingly, in the plate which serves for frontispiece, we have drawings of the three principal prize engines, the Rocket, the Novelty, and the Sans Pareil. The superiority of the contrivance of Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson (the Novelty) in neatness, simplicity of appearance, and compactness, is very striking and manifest at the first glance. The other most remarkable phenomenon of the past year recorded in this little volume, is the arrival of the Siamese Youths in London. The notice of them is accompanied by a description of their conformation.

Of the miscellaneous contents of the 290 pages, of which the "Arcana" consists, it would be vain to attempt to give an idea: it will be enough to say that the conductors seem to have used all diligence in collecting from the various scientific publications of this country, every information they were capable of yielding as to the discoveries, inventions, and improvements made in the mechanical arts and the natural sciences during the year 1829.

North American Review. No. LXF. & LXVI. Boston, Oct. 1829. Jan. 1830.

THIS able periodical is doing more to create respect for the literary and intellectual character of the Americans, than any other production that has issued from the press of that country. The editor and writers, it is true, appear to entertain a firm belief that America is the best country under the sun; but as they abstain from foolish and impertinent tirades against the institutions and customs of other countries, their nationality may be pardoned. The article in the numbers now before us most likely to attract the attention of English readers, is one on the Protecting System, contained in the 66th No.

It is written with spirit and moderation, but the views it advocates, however calculated for American popularity, are not likely to meet with the concurrence of people of sense in this country.

Conversations on the Natural Geography of Europe and Africa, &c. By Mrs. Matthias. 2 vols. Seely and Burnside.

THESE little volumes, agreeably written on an interesting theme, cannot fail to prove acceptable to juvenile readers. Though geography is professedly the subject, yet the authoress has judiciously avoided a dry and monotonous adherence to the same topic; and has shaped her excursions through Europe and Africa in such a way as to collect the largest variety of objects, and to exhibit each in the point of view most captivating to youthful minds.

THE LONG ATTACHMENT.

Oh! the heart that once truly loves never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close.—MOORE.

As I passed by the old road,† on my return to the village, I was again tempted to ascend its briery way. A funeral procession was slowly winding up the hill, which, after a moment's regard, I insensibly followed. Now, it was not that I was over melancholy, or that a grave-yard was the scene my feelings would have chosen at that moment; but a trifling circumstance (and with me, I know not whence it is, "*nugæ*" always "*in serâ ducunt*,") imparted something romantic to the group, which was enough to induce me to follow it—not a little affected by the deep-felt, silent sorrow of the rustic mourners. The truth is, as I turned my eyes upon the simple bier, a handful of flowers, that had been strewn upon it, fell, unnoticed too by the pensive followers. I hastily ran and snatched them up. They were violets. I looked again; there was one pale rose—"maiden's blush" 'tis called: it was almost withered, yet had been beautiful! "Is it an emblem-flower?" said I. I looked to the bier—it was a maiden's. "Yes; these have been 'sweets to the sweet,'—they are token-leaves of innocence—of beauty and of youth. I will see her laid in her cold grave," thought I, mixing with the melancholy train.

We approached the old ruin, and methought it appeared more beautiful and solemn than when I passed it a little while before. Whether it was from associated feelings, or that I had not till then sufficiently considered it, I cannot positively say; but I am inclined to think it was indebted for its additional beauty to a straggling ray of evening's dying flashes, that rested on its ivied walls, and particularly upon one moss-grown tower, on which the green was brighter than elsewhere.

As I was beginning to indulge in romantic reflections, I could not forbear contemplating the turret, with its mild and lonely light, as the beacon-fire kindled by Hope over that harbour where life's voyage is at an end—the grave! The simple bier, too, was like a bark that found itself too frail for the wild surge of the ocean it had essayed, and was now floating back to the peaceful bosom of its first waters, there to remain in tranquillity for ever!

While I was thus musing, we reached the antiquated burial-place. A gothic portal, curiously ornamented with crosses and devout images, admitted us to a winding avenue of old yew-trees, "remnants of themselves," where our procession, silent as it seemed, disturbed a numerous conventicle of rooks, whose clamorous cawings indicated their displeasure at our approach, and mingled in a rough, though not unpleasant, descent with the funeral bell.

† In the preceding number of the *Athenæum*, the reader will find the story of "The Old Road," which forms the introduction to the present.

I never was superstitious; but after all, I can find something to be pleased with, and even to reverence, in almost every old custom—tinged as it may be with the prejudice and mental gloom of the darker ages. The offsprings of Superstition have been many and multiform. She has brought forth monsters of hideous growth and tendency, where Ignorance and Vice have been the parents. These I hold not with. But with the gentler race, begotten by Innocence or Virtue, we may safely be familiar, provided we extend not the intercourse further than serves to beguile matter-of-fact existence of its monotony, and brighten the dull landscape of everyday life with harmless imaginings. There are dreams and fancies which hide not the truth of sober reason, but only serve, as mists round the sun of the morning, to catch and reflect its light in a thousand different shapes, thereby rendering it more glorious and beautiful.

I was particularly struck with the ceremony of carrying the bier three times round the burial ground. This custom is still preserved in distant parts of England and Wales, and generally throughout Ireland. The procession moved silently and slowly. The outermost path of the grave-yard was chosen by the sorrowful train. Everything to lengthen their course, and delay the sad moment of final separation, was eagerly caught at. At last, the third slow round was performed, and the newly-dug grave appeared opening its chilly bed for the reception of the slumberer!

Here broke forth the loud lament of kindred and of friends! As the coffin with its emblem-flowers was letting down gently into the earth, a youth, the brother of the deceased, rushed frantically from the crowd, and with difficulty was prevented throwing himself into the grave, like another Laertes;—but no Hamlet was there to wrestle with his sorrow. She that was in her narrow house had tasted not of the sweets or bitters which are mingled in the heart's affection-cup; she was cut off too early in life to be love's victim, or his pride:—the young were her brothers, the aged were her guardians and her friends.

A circumstance now occurred that almost petrified the by-standers with horror and surprise. A portion of one of the sides of the deep grave suddenly gave way, and discovered the remains of a female, perfect† as when she was interred some fifty years before! The dim and pallid cast of the tomb's loveliness was on her pensive face—that gentleness of sorrow—that mild grief—that melancholy "morphew" that hangs about the features of the dead, covering the "rosie blush once wrapt in lilie vale." She looked unearthly, though earth's tenant. She seemed to be one of those lovely forms, in which the angels have occasionally clothed themselves to visit man in his "muddy vesture of decay," which, though still too material to take back with them into the world of spirits, had yet imbibed enough of the purity of their temporary inhabitants, to be superior to the general doom of corruption and decline. All around her had long since been resolved again to dust. She was alone in her cold beauty, like a marble monument to herself!

I was gazing upon her tranquil features, indulging in a pleasurable sadness, when a loud, heart-broken cry, wildly uttered, burst on my ear. "'Tis my Emily! my sweet Emily! Oh, God! it is my buried angel!"—and the old sailor whom I had met and conversed with half an hour before, dangerously precipitated himself towards the body! The spectators stood silent with astonishment. At last, an aged woman approached the grave, and said, in a voice scarcely audible from grief and agitation—"Is that Ralph Williams?" There was no answer. He re-

† A fact.

mained motionless, by the grave of his long-lost Emily.

The grave-diggers, having recovered a little from their surprise, gently approached to remove and recover him. But the shock had been too great. He was a corse by the side of her who seemed to have waited for an union, even in this world, with her devoted but mistaken lover; and whose spirit, no doubt, hovered upon his lips to catch the soul that assumed heaven's youth, on being freed from earth's chrysalis, the body, and put forth its butterfly wings to roam through the flowery fields and honey-groves of Elysium!

I forget the remainder of the scene—how I returned home, or how I slept (if I did sleep,) that night. But the next morning I found the following in my own hand-writing:—

Come, come away, my spirit-love!
I have waited for thee long;—
Many an hour of bliss above,
Many a hymn of seraph song,
I have lost in ling'ring here,
In the space 'twixt earth and heaven—
Heaven to me seem'd not so dear,
'Till thou to share its joys wert given!
But now together we will rove
Through its blest infinities,
And feel the flame of earthly love,
Warmer, purer in the skies!
Oh! come away, my spirit come,
Through the Paradisaic bow'rs,
Untired eternally to roam,
Where music, sunshine, balm, and flow'rs,
Mingled in one happy sigh,
Tell the souls that flee from earth,
What bliss it is for man to die,
And come to Joy's own place of birth!
Oh! thou hast tarried long, but now
I welcome thee with spirit's truth:
I've watch'd Time delving in thy brow,
Yet lov'd it as I lov'd in youth,
When thou—but no! I will not say
A word, or look a thought to chide
The dawning of the blissful day,
That makes me here, in heav'n, thy bride!
We shall be happy. Purity
Is Love's own sister in these bow'rs;
But through the long Eternity
She'll not see love that's like to ours!
Then, come away—and though we ne'er
May reach the last felicity,
Joy after joy will be more rare—
Heaven, more heaven eternally! W.

REMINISCENCES OF

THE LATTER DAYS OF KANT.

ALTHOUGH the more active portion of the life of any man who has distinguished himself beyond his fellows is generally that to which history chiefly directs the attention of succeeding ages, there is to the philosophic mind, a peculiar charm in the contemplation of the closing year of a well-spent life; and we hang with interest and delight over the narrative which gives to our view the old statesman, warrior, or philosopher in the maturity of his powers, though that maturity may have lessened the scope of their action, and withdrawn their possessor into the quietude of retirement and repose.

With such feelings of interest then, do we gather the following reminiscences of Kant, whose name was not only daily and hourly echoed through the inmost recesses of Germany, but whose writings have awakened the attention of all Europe, through which they spread with

† Here I expect to have Horace, Quintilian, as well as all the modern critics, upon me, for the unpardonable crime of unnecessary verbal coinage. Well, I cannot help it; but if "*facere verba*," as Cicero says, be ever excusable, it must be so in this instance; for who would not prefer my "*Paradisaic*" to the legitimate lack-a-daisical "*Paradisiacal*"?

† "The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines (the asymptotes of the hyperbolas,) that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it."—Addison.

the designation of the "German system of philosophy." His own locomotive propensities do not appear to have been very powerful, as it does not seem that he left the place of his nativity more than once in a life of eighty years duration. He was born at Königsburg in Prussia, in the year 1724, and his residence in that city was in one of its most retired spots, removed from the annoyance of constantly-passing objects, and adjoining the old Castle of Königsburg, with its turrets, and prisons, and loopholes. Here, buried in profound silence, even to apparent desertion by all of human race, surrounded by nothing but what was of the plainest fashion and make, did this philosopher lead a life of the most extreme regularity and simplicity. The furniture of his study consisted of two common tables, a sofa, some chairs, a commodore with dressing-glass, a barometer and thermometer, and a wooden easy chair in which he usually sat. The most splendid articles in this apartment were the green silk curtains, which were hung before latticed windows. By the side of the study was his bedchamber, always closed, and from which daylight and fire were equally excluded in all weathers.

He rose betimes. His servant, an old Prussian soldier, entered his bedchamber with military regularity every morning at five minutes before five, both in winter and in summer, briefly saying, "*It is time!*" nor did Kant, under any pretence, delay a moment in attending to this admonition, even though he should not have slept during the night. He would often when at table ask this man, "Lempe, during thirty years has it been necessary for you to awake me twice?" "No, Mr. Professor," would be the old soldier's reply. At five precisely Kant seated himself at the breakfast table, taking one or two cups of tea, and smoking a pipe after the German fashion. At seven he went out to deliver his lecture, which duty, however, he relinquished eleven years before his death, and during that time employed his mornings in finishing the composition of his later works. At a quarter before one, his cook, who with Lempe, formed all his household, came to tell him, "the three quarters have struck," when he would arise, and, taking a half-glass of wine, dress for dinner, not liking even with his most intimate friends to sit down in his morning gown. Dinner lasted from one till three, and sometimes longer. His dining-room was simply furnished, but perfectly neat, and his dinner usually consisted of three successive dishes, prepared with much care, followed by a slight dessert and wine. From the year 1790, he gradually refused all invitations to dine out, having always one or more friends at home, as he disliked dining alone to such a degree, that his man was once desired to go out and invite the first person he might meet with in the street, as none of his friends had been able to come. He was an enemy to form at table, every one helping himself, the first who commenced being in his eyes the best guest, as his own turn would come the sooner for such expedition. He ate largely, especially of the second dish, which was always some one of his favourites, as he took no supper, and drank only a small quantity of tea for his breakfast.

After dinner Kant took a turn or two, and always alone, his walk occupying nearly an hour; and this he never omitted summer or winter, in rain or mud, nor when snowing or freezing. In the latter case, he took his man with him, and walked very cautiously. On his return he perused the papers, political as well as literary; at six he sat down to work for the evening, running over either the lectures he had given, or those of the succeeding day, or his writings. Throughout the year he always sat near the stove, as from that position he could, on looking out of the windows, see the tower of the old castle,

with which view he was so pleased, that when the poplars of a neighbouring garden grew so as to impede his prospect, the proprietor allowed them to be topped, that his usual enjoyment might be continued. When any remarkable ideas presented themselves, he used to write them down on small pieces of paper, and generally finished the evening by reading—taking no supper, and retiring to rest about ten o'clock. It was only in the latter portion of his life, that his friends could prevail on him to allow of the warming of his bedchamber. He undressed himself very methodically, and when in bed drew the bed-clothes around him with the utmost care. Kant was not fond of receiving visits either in the mornings or evenings; it was at dinner only that he took pleasure in seeing himself surrounded by his friends and enjoying their company. His own conversation was always easy and unaffected, so much so that a stranger who had known him only by his writings, would scarcely have imagined from his speech that this was the greatest metaphysician of the age. In the choice of his table companions, he selected them from different professions and ranks in life, so as to ensure a variety in conversation, and he was also careful that his guests should be considerably younger than himself, to secure animation and lessen the chance of his having to mourn the loss of his ordinary companions by the hand of death. Perhaps the most general subject of discussion was politics, in which he took great interest, seeing with a keen and piercing eye, and penetrating so thoroughly to the bottom of affairs that one might have supposed him a diplomatist, versed in all the secrets of the cabinets. All the leading events of the day were freely canvassed to the great advantage of the guests present. In general science he took great delight, and the frequency with which he spoke of the travels of Horneman and Humboldt, was such, that on any renewal of the subject, if he for a moment was at a loss, his servant could instantly supply the defect. He invited to his table all young physicians who had returned from scientific expeditions, and made them relate to him whatever they had met with that was new and interesting. Of our own countrymen, those whose works gave him greatest pleasure, were Dr. Browne, (whose theory of medicine he considered the greatest discovery of the day,) Dr. Jenner, and Dr. Beddoes. His fondness for scientific and political subjects did not exclude lighter conversation, and he would frequently amuse his friends with a burlesque recitation of singular rhymes, which he had picked up when young, by which he generally succeeded in producing a roar of laughter. He would also relate anecdotes of himself and others; as, for instance, on Frederic the Great or Bonaparte, both of whom he greatly admired. One of his *jeux d'esprit* was to ask his servant "Who is King of England?" when the unvarying answer was to be "Mr. Pitt," nor would he hear any other king spoken of. He was very happy in reply or adaptation on most occasions, as, for instance, some one speaking of Philosophy as the servant of Theology, "Yes," said he, "but it is a question whether it be her torch-bearer or her train-bearer."

MORNING.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

BEHOLD glad Nature's triumph! Lo, the sun
Hath burst the pall of night, and o'er the earth
Reviving radiance scattered! Sleep hath done
Her death-resembling reign, and thoughts have
birth
That thrill the grateful heart with sacred mirth!
Like glittering flowers that deck the dewy
ground,

How Fancy's bright-hued images abound,
And mortals own the glory and the worth
Of that proud boon—*existence*. All around
Unnumbered charms arise in every sight and
sound.

The scene is steeped in beauty; and my soul,
No longer lingering in the gloom of care,
Doth greet Creation's smile. The gray clouds
roll,
E'en from the mountain peaks, and melt in air!
The landscape looks an Eden! Who could wear
The frown of sorrow now? This glorious hour
Reveals the ruling God! The heavens are
bare!

Each sunny stream and blossom-mantled bower
Breathes of pervading love, and shows the
power
That spoke him into life hath blessed man's
earthly dower.

Calcutta, August, 1820.

LITERARY UNION CLUB.

A GENERAL meeting of the members of this club was held on Wednesday, the 17th inst. at the Club-house, Waterloo Place; Thomas Campbell, Esq. in the chair. Never has it been more apparent that a society is sometimes misnamed or mis-baptized, than on this occasion; for the speeches and conduct of those who took part in the proceedings, (not certainly, with the exception of the committee-men, the most distinguished members) were anything but *Literary* or *united*.

"*Ride, si sapias*," says Martial, and so we did on this occasion, particularly when one gentleman rose to suggest the propriety of having *two annual general meetings* of the club. There was also a curious attempt made by some, to prove that an *abstract* from anything means the *whole*! A lawyer loudly called on the Committee for an explanation of the meaning of *quorum*; and a worthy Oriental observed of the Committee, that "they is entitled to the confidence of the club as they as done their duty."

The day, however, (St. Patrick's,) patronized and warranted such proceedings, and we of course yield our severity to its mild influence. This club, nevertheless, if conducted properly and not broken into factions by interested dissensions, may prove to be a convenient and pleasant resort for literary, or literature-patronising men. Soldiers, sailors, travellers, mechanics—all have their *societies*: why should not artists, and the followers and admirers of art, be as social and generous? We trust that the Literary Union Club will, at no great distance of time, prove that they can be so, and then, that their club be looked upon as a miraculous instance of such a possibility having been actually accomplished. Already entered on its lists are, Campbell, Scott, Allan Cunningham, and Croly, amongst poets; Martin, Newton, Pickersgill, and Westmacott, amongst artists; and the authors of Pelham, Sydenham, Tremaine, the *Roué*, O'Hara Tales, *Annals of the Parish*, and Anastasius, amongst novelists;—nor, in the enumeration of worthies, should the names of O'Connell, Shiel, Owen of Lanark, Drs. Lardner, Henderson, and Meyrick, Roscoe, D'Israeli, Thomas Hood, Lockhart, Barnes, Makinno, De Capel Brooke, Basil Montague, Prince de Cimitilli, Sir George Staunton, Sir George Ouseley, Sir F. Freeling (the 'man of letters'), Sir Robert Wilson, and (a new candidate) the Hero of Navarino, be passed by. The institution, therefore, has a fair chance of establishing itself; but the influential members will probably withdraw in disgust, unless means be taken to repress at future meetings the petulance and forwardness, which led to the display of so much angry feeling at the last.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH STEEPLE-CHASING.

We are not of a sporting turn—God forbid! we even eschew the very name of odds, bets, or matches, and hold in abomination all the cant hieroglyphics wherein such pastimes are shadowed forth. Nevertheless, we remember enough of the days when (*proh pudor!*) we were numbered amongst those

*"Quos curiculo pulverem Hyde-parkicum
Collegisse juvat;"*

and have still so much regard for horses in general, and for the sorrel cob in particular, which, thrice honoured, bears our sacred person, and puffs and snorts as if he doubted whether his editorial burden were such a mere abstraction as is generally supposed, that we do occasionally steal a glance at such portions of the diurnal prints as we see headed by the attractive titles of "Extraordinary equestrian feat," "Daring leap," "Unparalleled run," and the like. All which we state in explanation or extenuation of the title which we have prefixed to this article, and which originated in the accounts of two of these right-perilous, and in one instance we fear fatal, matches, one of which has recently taken place in Hertfordshire, and the other near Paris, and the results of which, as given by our contemporaries, are so flattering to John Bull's self-complacency, that we cannot but suspect that there must be some mistake in the premises.

The Hertfordshire account sets forth, that the match took place "over about five miles of country, starting from Arlington, and taking a line across all the enclosures to Selsoe Park." We are next treated to the pleasant intelligence, that "all the horses fell but the winner, and some, five or six times," and that "the distance was done in about sixteen minutes, which was sharp work, considering that some of the fences were large and stiff."

The French match started from "Le Petit Bicêtre, about a mile and a half beyond Chatillon, and the winning post was fixed at Les Arcades de Buc, about two miles from Versailles." There is no mention of fences; and indeed, from what we can recollect, the difficulties of the ground must be somewhat on a par with those of Battersea Fields. The only obstacle to be surmounted seems to have been a small river, stream, or ditch, which, the competitors were required to cross twice; and the only casualty was a good ducking, achieved by one of them who was balked in leaping the same.

The distance was four miles, and was run in about twenty-five minutes.—Read that and chuckle, Johnny! Four miles in twenty-five minutes, there's break-neck work! The account does not indeed state whether the miles are French or English; but even if the former, it is no more than any clever roadster would trot between the shafts. What a pity it is, that this did not happen some twenty years ago—a pretty little mess we might have made of it to tickle thy antigallican palate! How boldly we might have asserted (apologizing perhaps for the truism) that "A Frenchman did not know a horse from a cow," or at all events, that "the only use he made of them was in running away."

But, alas! such sauce will no longer do. Since John has escaped from the cellar of prejudice, in which, like a toad, he sat for years gloating on his self-consequence, his ideas of the comparative weight, moral and physical, of himself and his neighbours, have undergone a considerable change; and it may even be doubted whether he still retains the same implicit belief in his ancient and time-honoured axiom, that "any one Englishman could at any time beat any six Frenchmen."

Moreover, in this case there are one or two minor points, which deduct in some degree from the unmixed satisfaction with which he might otherwise regard it—the first of which is, that

almost, if not all the horses were English, which might indeed have been satisfactorily explained by the assertion, that no Frenchman could ride them; but that secondly, two or three of the riders were also English, and men too (Capt. Locke, for instance,) who would not stick at trifles. We are therefore reduced to a state of most lamentable uncertainty, under which we must, in the usual, though rather equivocal language of defalcators, embezzlers, &c. request our readers to suspend their judgment;—but in the meantime, we end as we began, with a distinct disapproval of all such transactions; and if our readers were aware of the pretty catalogue of broken heads and bones, incurred at the aforesaid Hertford morning's amusement, we doubt not, that the ideas of steeple and churchyards, would be as naturally connected in their minds as in our own.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Hospital Registers in France.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, M. Dupuytren availed himself of an opportunity afforded him by the presentation of two pamphlets, detailing the results of medical and surgical practice in certain cases in the hospital of Florence, to express his regret that the office of management of the hospitals of Paris had determined to discontinue the register of the cases and their treatment. It appears, that under the ministry of M. de Chaptal, the office above mentioned, which M. Dupuytren describes as the head of the vastest system of hospitals in the world, had ordained that a register of cases should be kept in every hospital; that on this register should be inscribed the christian and surnames, the age, sex, situation in life, and calling of every patient; the place of his birth, his usual residence, the nature of his disorder, the treatment adopted for its cure, and the result of that treatment. The keeping of these registers was confided, under experienced inspectors, to young medical men who had passed their examination after two successive courses of study. The important advantages, with regard to information which the faculty would derive from accurate reports of 20,000 cases admitted each year into the hospitals, with all the particulars above enumerated respecting the patients, the remedies applied, and the effect of those remedies, are too obvious to require being detailed. In some of the establishments the registers were kept with unflinching exactness; in others they were culpably neglected; and at present the office for managing the hospitals, more impressed by the difficulties attending the perfect execution of the system, than with its advantages, instead of improving or completing the practice of registering, is about to abandon it altogether.

Chemical Discoveries.—M. Bussy has submitted to the French Academy of Sciences, specimens of chlorate of glucinum and metallic glucinum obtained by means of the decomposition of chlorate, that is to say, by means similar to those by which M. Wolles had obtained the base of magnesia.

M. Bussy has also announced that he has succeeded in obtaining magnesia, or the metallic base of magnesia. A specimen of this metal, submitted by him to the Academy, had the following properties: it was brilliant, of a silver whiteness, perfectly ductile and malleable, capable of solution at a temperature not very high, susceptible like zinc of becoming volatilized at a temperature a little exceeding that of its point of fusion; and condensing itself, like the last-mentioned metal, in the form of little globules. It does not decompose water at the usual temperature; it oxidizes at a high temperature, and becomes slowly transformed into magnesia, if it is in pieces of any considerable thickness; but if in very thin plates, it burns with great splendour, throwing out sparks like iron in oxygen. M. Bussy thinks magnesia

capable of being usefully applied in the arts, and is occupied in seeking the means of obtaining it cheaply.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I saw her in beauty, I saw her in pride,
I saw her the gayest of pleasure's gay throng,
As strove her companions their envy to hide,
And greet her with smiles as she glided along:
Her step then was buoyant, her young heart was
light;

She trod as on air—as for earth too elate;
My gaze had ne'er welcomed so lovely a sight
As then stood before me—the beautiful Kate.

I saw her in sorrow, I saw her in shame,
While tears dimm'd the light of her beautiful
eyes;

As to win her caress her babe playfully came,
I mourned to see loveliness cherished with sighs:
In moments unguarded her truth had been met
By falsehood, whose wiles she repented too late.
No flatterer soothed now her sad hours of regret;
No friendly voice welcomed the heart-broken
Kate.

Once more I beheld her, again was she changed;
She sighed not, she wept not, she murmur'd not
now:

Her eyes round her cell in wild vacancy ranged,
And laughter in mockery distorted her brow;
I saw—and my soul to high Heav'n breathed a
prayer

Against him whose deceit could such sorrow
create,

That the future might yield but remorse and
despair,
To blast the seducer of beautiful Kate. L.

FINE ARTS.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare, in a Series of Outline Plates. Drawn and engraved by Frank Howard. No. XVII. "Romeo and Juliet," and "Timon of Athens." London, 1830. Cadell & Co.

WE regret that Mr. Frank Howard denies us the opportunity of complimenting him on any improvement observable in his work as it advances. We ever commend where we can,—the efforts of artists more especially; and it grieves us, therefore, to find it necessary, in noticing No. XVII. of these Outlines, to say, that of all the parts that have yet issued, and their inequality we have remarked on a former occasion, we have seen no one so unsatisfactory as this—no one which so completely sets at defiance all desire to extol and to encourage. Mr. Howard, we should conclude, confounds rapidity of execution with the talent for design, and allows the ability to trace lines readily and easily, to betray him into the neglect of qualities much more important than facility. He forgets that the admirers of the undying works of Shakspeare will look for spirit and feeling, and grace, expression and propriety in the designs of those who aspire to illustrate them, and will care little to inquire whether a composition be the result of an hour's handy process, or of the meditation of months. But we doubt much if Mr. Howard be among the admirers of the poetry, the imaginings of which he undertakes to delineate. To the beauties of Romeo and Juliet he certainly is insensible. This we deem evident, not from his having failed, in his Outlines, to do justice to his subject; for it may happen to the truest and most intense feeling, that the hand may be unable to give it due expression—the flesh, we know, will be weak, where the spirit is willing—but from his having reconciled himself to send forth the very meagre performances now lying on our table, as compositions inspired by the spirit of Shakspeare. Had Mr. Howard felt that spirit, had he been really alive to the beau-

ties of the play, on the scenes of which he has here employed his etching-needle, he never could have been satisfied with such productions as these.

We look in vain for spirited bearing, dignity, passion, delicacy, or any kind of beauty or appropriate expression. Heads, and figures, and groups, are alike devoid of all these qualities. The 12th plate is the only exception;—in this the grouping is graceful, and has spirit; and the haste of Juliet, on hearing the approach of footsteps, to seize the dagger of Romeo, that she may slay herself, is happily expressed. The figure of the County Paris, on the ground, is also prettily composed. The kissing scene of the balcony, No. 6, is an abomination. The embracing scene, in Friar Lawrence's cell, has more of awkwardness than of feeling; and Nos. 4 and 5, the deaths of Mercutio and Tybalt are feeble imitations of the manner of Retzsch.

The eight plates illustrative of Timon of Athens are less provoking and disappointing than those of Romeo and Juliet. Nay, indeed, some of the figures and compositions are so good that they reconcile us to Mr. Howard and his work. The figure of Timon's servant imploring succour for his master, is designed with great ease and taste, and with very apt expression. The scene of the Banquet of Hot Water would be a trial to any artist. Mr. Howard, we think, has not overcome the difficulties it presents. The composition of No. 7, The Steward imploring his master to use his store, is simple, good, and affecting. Plates 6 and 8, the former Alcibiades and his mistresses, receiving gold from Timon; the latter, the Senators of Athens, entreating his return, are but spiritless productions.

The Kite. A sketch from nature, by S. Mountjoy Smith. London, 1830. Smith and Son.

THIS is a very spirited lithographic sketch, representing a kite with a dead hare under its talons, and commencing to prey on its victim, by attacking the liver. It is full of character. We seldom see, in drawings far more elaborate, so much effect as is obtained in this sketch, by the contrast between the stillness of death in the one animal, and the life and eagerness of the other. The hawk's eye is full of fire, and the disorder and ruffling of the wings and feathers, the effect of a recent struggling, and of present rapacity, are expressed with masterly freedom.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE second of these Concerts took place on Monday evening last, March 15th. The following was the selection:—

ACT I.	
Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Duetto, M. BEGREZ and Mr. SEUTIN,	
“Claudio ritorno” (Elisa e Claudio)	Mercadante.
MS. Fantasia, flute, Mr. NICHOLSON	Nicholson.
Aria, Madlle. BLAIS, “Alfin goder,”	
(L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei)	Pacini.
Overture, “Pietro von Abano”	Spohr.
ACT II.	
Sinfonia, No. 5.	Haydn.
Duetto, Madlle. BLAIS and M. BEGREZ, “Che al mio bene”	Meyer.
Quintetto, 2 violins, 2 violas, and violoncello, Messrs. SPAGNOLETTI, ELIASON, MORALT, PENSON, and LINDLEY.	Mozart.
Quartetto, “Cielo il mio,” Madlle. BLAIS, Miss H. CAWSE, M. BEGREZ, and Mr. SEUTIN	Rossini.
Overture, “Guillaume Tell”	Rossini.

“Practice makes perfect,” says an old adage, and, in general, old adages are true; but, on this occasion, the “proverb,” independently of “being somewhat musty,” is also somewhat false,—for the Pastorale Sinfonia of Beethoven was played quite as well, if not better, two years ago, than at the present day, as the performance of last Monday sufficiently proved. It must

be allowed that it is a composition difficult in the extreme to execute well; but why should difficulty be increased by repetition? Were we in the vicinage of the celebrated Irish echo, our question would be answered by the words “Laziness and inattention.” There are some faults, however, in the work itself, which cannot be eradicated by the most rigid performance. These are an overweening anxiety to be strange and uncouth, generally speaking, (for there are some sweet *bucolics* in the slow movement,) and a crudity of counterpoint, which ill assorts with the softness and simplicity of pastoral quiet. Corelli, in his eighth Concerto, and Handel, in his exquisite Symphony in the Messiah, exhibit very different notions of it; and prove that they have (and justly) considered it right to imitate nature only in her beauty, not in her distortions or discrepancies, as a sculptor carves a beau-ideal, instead of the every-day and incidental deformities of human creation. A work of imitation is not a work of fancy, strictly speaking, and therefore ought to be as easily associated with its prototype as possible. A storm, it is true, is a natural occurrence; but unless we are told, and previously too, that an illustration of the difference of opinion between Whig and Tory elements, is intended, we certainly are at a loss to know why our ears are filled with dissonance, when we expect, from the general title “Music,” harmony; or why one art, rich in its own resources of giving delight, should usurp the prerogative of another; in fact, why indefinite and fanciful noises should trench upon the right of generally-understood and conventional language, in attempting to express a thing or circumstance which, after all, must be indebted to language for its association with anything. If this Sinfonia had not been called Pastoral, in the first instance, nobody would have dreamt of its affinity to the “*rura et rigui in vallibus amas, the flumina sylvasque*,” &c. The truth is, imitation is a bad thing, and musical imitation worst of all. Plutarch tells us, that when Agesilaus, king of Sparta, was requested to hear a man sing who could imitate the nightingale, he replied, “I have heard the nightingale herself!” So much for imitation.

Mr. Nicholson's Fantasia on the flute, was as good as anything on the flute can be; it is a wretched solo instrument. Spohr's Overture, “Pietro von Abano,” is well written, but somewhat dry, like almost all his works. We can seldom censure them, seldom praise. When we blame, it must be for negligence; when we praise, it is for exertion, industrious labour. The lights and shadows, the inequalities of *genius* do not characterize his works.

Haydn's Sinfonia, No. 5, presented a curious contrast to the Pastorale of Beethoven; clear, concise, and apparently simple; nothing of extravagance—nothing over-wrought. If, as Pope says

“True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
“As those move easiest who have learnt to dance,”

Haydn certainly proves that he was an artist, though, we allow, as much endowed by nature as improved by study. There are no endless promises of termination in his movements, which cheat the ear instead of delighting it, and which, with a kind of cruel sportiveness, tantalize the expectation and deceive the fancy. The last movement is beautifully and scientifically worked up, and was very well performed on Monday night. Mr. F. Cramer seems to attend more to the contrast effects of the orchestra, than any other leader we have noticed; but we must censure that custom (common, we regret to say, to all leaders,) of occasionally ceasing to play, in order to beat time with the bow on the music-book. The effect is horrible;—it gives the idea of “*all wrong*,” and prevents the possibility of being pleased with anything so treated. The quintetto by Spagnoletti, Eliason, Moralt, Pen-

son and Lindley, cannot be compared with the quartetto in the former concert.

A word or two on the vocal performance and we shall conclude, in the philharmonic style, with an *Overture!!* Madlle. Blais is certainly a clever singer, but why does she not sing good music? Miss H. Cawse is much improved in every way. For the gentlemen vocalists we have not, of course, any gallantry, and therefore we say nothing. The Overture to “Guillaume Tell” concluded the evening's performance, and we shall endeavour to give our readers an idea of it in the following manner. Fancy that a man is awakened from a sound sleep, by some imperfect musical vibrations, and that when he has called up all his senses “thick upon him,” he finds he has got into a scene of outcry and distress—nothing heard but shrieks and lamentations—glass-windows smashing—steeples bells ringing—gongs, cymbals, drums, trumpets, triangles doing their utmost, while an itinerant hautboy is calmly rehearsing a *rauz des vaches* in the midst of the general uproar, and indulging in all the *calcuture* romance of “Home! sweet home!”

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE opera of “Elisa e Claudio” is a fair sample of the prowess of Italian composers in the second rank, who, satisfying themselves that Rossini's style must be good, because it was popular, aim at nothing higher than the same sort of applause, though of course in not such full measure, as they knew to honour, in every town of Italy, the productions of their famous master. Caraffa, Pacini and Mercadante, are perhaps at the head of this class. The former has the richest fund of melody, and a characteristic softness of feeling, that would alone suffice to raise him very high as a composer, were he in a condition of such necessity as to prompt any industrious resistance to the *dolce far niente* impulse of his climate. Music is rather his recreation than his profession, and he seeks for it only in sunny places, without toiling through the brambles and rough wilds which sometimes circumvent its place of refuge. Pacini is an energetic and studious composer, and has, even at his present age, acquired the art of disguising any want of originality by the effectiveness of his embellishments. His success is probably the nearest of any to that of Rossini. Mercadante naturally moves on very level ground, undistinguished by flights of much boldness or beauty, nor yet often sinking into meanness. His airs are not inspired by any strong feeling, and therefore generally want character; but he is very clever in his harmonized music, and knows the art of shading, and the true management of the piano and forte, more completely than his contemporaries whom we have mentioned. His opera of “La Donna Caritea” exemplifies this talent in several pieces, and the opera before us also contains some extremely ingenious specimens of that style of harmonized composition, which seems a compound of the old round and canon with our latter method of concerted music. In this he particularly excels. We have not mentioned Meyerbeer, Morlachi, and others; but the three referred to, are the chief in their own country, and will serve to represent the rest. Indeed, Mercadante alone, as we said at the outset, has most of the peculiarities of his tribe—not running to excess, but corrected into a general propriety, which reconciles us in a measure to the original sin of the whole being an imitation.—Now for the “Elisa e Claudio.”

The overture is the poorest part of the opera; it is absolutely unmeaning—and that is no venial fault. The opening is lively, and some of the comic passages that follow, are drawn from the school of Cimarosa. There is then a duet between Claudio and Il Conte, sung by Donzell

and Santini, full of expression, and if not otherwise striking, yet remarkably appropriate to the situation of the parties. Donzelli's singing in this, is perfect. He has no opportunity—and we are almost glad of it—for that prodigious swell of voice that rattles the gallery in all its ribs;—but he substitutes for it an abundance of grace and tenderness and exquisite modulation of tone, with a delicacy of finish which we never before noticed in him. In scene 7, *Elisa* has a recitative, not very dramatic or powerful, unless Madlle. Blasis did it injustice, which may possibly be the case, as her forte is unquestionably not in that style; and this is followed by a very elegant cavatina, particularly towards its close, at the words "Ah! se a me riede l'amato bene," where we could trace something of a higher inspiration than belongs to Mercadante in general. Then follow some passionate scenes, in which the music does not support the incident, and the first act closes without much effect. The duet between *Il Marchese* and *Il Conte*, at the commencement of the second act, is very humorous, and was well sung by Santini and Ambrogio. The next effective thing was the duet, "Se un istante all'offerta d'un soglio" between *Elisa* and *Il Conte*—the termination was encoored. It is founded on the theme of the Tyrolese "Song of Liberty," and that alone will account for its success. An English audience, as we said last week, is hard of hearing, and cannot make up their mind to be pleased till some one has advised them to be so,—or until, as in this case, they are sure they may admire without committing themselves, because, they recollect that the same thing was an object of admiration some time ago. The opera goes on in an animated manner from this point to its close, and *Elisa* has, in the finale, a prominent part, which calls for great exertion in the singer, and gives considerable effect to the catastrophe of the drama. We have omitted a very successful trio between Madlle. Blasis, Santini and Donzelli, which, however, seemed a counterpart of the famous "Questo è un nodo avviluppato," in Rossini's "Cenerentola."

On the whole, the opera contains enough to attract every connoisseur in the metropolis, but not enough to bring together the curious thousands who flock to the theatre only for its novelties, and abandon even Pasta when their nine days of wonder have expired. Madlle. Blasis distinguishes herself greatly as the heroine, and Donzelli treats an indifferent part with exemplary humility and charity; giving to it an appearance and figure it could never aspire to, under other circumstances. The two bassi, likewise, were without fault; and we will hold our tongues as to the rest.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Introductory Practice for the Piano-forte, &c.
Arranged and fingered by J. B. Cramer.
Cramer, Addison and Beale.

It is quite refreshing to meet with any work or performance by this justly celebrated artist. While others seem to toil at nothing but the dry drudgery of overcoming uninteresting difficulties, Cramer, with true judgment and taste, follows grace and expression, and prefers charming his auditors or students, to the more commonplace ambition of *astonishing*. The present work abounds with instances of his peculiar and pervading style; but we must, unwillingly, object to the uniform length, or rather shortness, of his selections, and also to a something bordering upon monotony in their terminations. As a whole, however, they are admirably adapted to the purpose intended, and cannot fail to be both amusing and instructive. No. 28 particularly claims our notice as a graceful and classical movement. Its fingering is perfection, and reveals more of the witchery of the author's

manner than perhaps any other of his *Studies*, unless we may except the 43d, in his "Studio per il Piano-forte," to which it bears some slight affinity. This work seems to have been written with a view to popularity, without compromising either truth or taste, and deserves universal patronage.

"Oh! Love is like the sunny ray." Ballad: composed by Mrs. Philip Millard. A. Pettet.

THE words of this ballad were certainly meant to quiz poor Dan Cupid out of his personal identity. In the first verse, we learn that he has all the brightness of morning; in the second, that he possesses all the sadness of evening "o'er day's departure weeping"; and, in order to strengthen the last resemblance, the illative particle "for" is used to *rondeau* it back to the first idea or comparison—"Love is like the sunny ray." How absurd, in general, are modern lyrics! We cannot speak much in praise of the music of this ballad—it is common-place; besides, its own title-page extols it sufficiently.

L'Arrivée d'Otello; favourite Cavatina, from Rossini's celebrated Opera of *Otello*, as sung by Mad. Pasta and Signor Curioni. Arranged for the Harp, by N. C. Bochsa. Clementi & Co.

THE allegro fiacrement which opens this piece, is quite an example of the manner in which the author plucks and tears at the strings in his own performance, and which is quite at variance with the style that should be adopted upon the harp. It is by no means well to attempt too much rapidity upon that instrument, for one of two evils must arise in quickly stopping the vibrations of the strings. By damping them effectually, the principal beauty of the harp is destroyed, and if ineffectually, the much complained of jarring arises. It is also indiscreet to attempt much chromatic modulation, for the pedals can scarcely ever be in constant employment without some ill effects being produced. The fingering, which Bochsa occasionally inserts, should be almost invariably unnecessary, (if the performer of his music had received any systematical tuition upon the harp,) and is totally out of character with the other difficulties of his writings.

Rossini's beautiful Aria renders the piece interesting for a well-practised harp-player; but it might have been adapted in a much better manner.

Three Waltzes for the Piano-forte. Composed by J. Browning. W. Eavestaff.

THESE *bagatelles* are easily, and rather elegantly written, though perhaps in some degree deficient in that peculiar undulation of measure—that graceful flow, which constitutes the true waltz.

Fantasia Concertante; in which is introduced the popular Air, "My Lodging is on the cold Ground." For the Flute and Piano-forte. Composed and dedicated to Geo. Rudall, Esq. By Tulou. (Op. 47.) Cocks and Co.

TULOU is esteemed in Paris and London as an eminent performer upon the flute, as well as a successful and clever writer for that instrument. This *Fantasia* exhibits a *lento* introduzione in E flat, an *allegretto grazioso* in the same key (a very graceful and well-arranged movement); the theme in the dominant of the key (B flat), with three showy variations concertante for the two instruments; and a return to the *grazioso* for a finale. The whole brilliant, in good taste, and not very difficult of performance.

Instructions for the Piano-forte, &c. By W. Eavestaff.

IN the preface to this work, the author, with a peculiar modesty, sets forth his production as one which should supersede all others written

on the same subject. He says, "In those instruction-books now in general use, the mass of information which they contain is so mixed up and huddled together, that it is scarcely possible a very young pupil should understand them." This certainly is not very complimentary to Messrs. Clementi, Cramer, Latour, and other first-rate professors, who have compiled elementary treatises on the art of piano-forte playing. We find nothing new in the present work, but it will answer the purpose intended as well as any other of the kind; moreover, it is moderate in price.

FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

THE selection of performances for the last week at the Haymarket, has been more than usually attractive, and two most crowded audiences have evinced the approbation of the public. Laporte, whom we must take leave to admire most heartily, notwithstanding his little celebrity in the "Capitale du Monde," has taken a more prominent part than usual, and it is very amusing to observe the French portion of the audience, vainly struggling to suppress the pleasure he gives them, lest they should be supposed capable of esteeming any actor unsanctioned by the fiat of Parisian critics. The novelties of the week, have been that most amusing *petite comédie*, "Le Voyage à Dieppe," produced, we believe, for the first time this season, the first representation of "Henri IV. en Famille," and Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," with Potier in the part of *Thomas Diafoirus*. Of the first of these, the plot, as our readers may remember, turns wholly on a delusion similar to that practised upon the venerable Mrs. Hardcastle, by the accomplished Tony. A worthy citizen is conveyed from Paris, and rattled through the day over cross roads (and what the shaking of a cross road must be in France, let those guess who have suffered on the *grandes routes*); he is then reconducted to the place from whence he came, and made to believe himself safely lodged at Dieppe. The ludicrous mistakes which ensue—the old gentleman's keen scent of the sea air, and his walk down the boulevards in search of the port—were rendered thoroughly entertaining by the excellent performance of Laporte as the worthy dupe *M. D'Herbelin*. The minor parts were ably supported. "Henri IV. en famille," is a new and by no means favourable specimen of the present rage among our neighbours for forcing historical characters and anecdotes upon the stage. It is merely a cumbrous machine for the introduction of the old dialogue between the Great King and the Ambassador—"M. L'Ambassadeur, avez-vous des enfans?" &c. We must take the liberty of saying, that the appearance of the monarch and the royal progeny was anything but regal. Medlles. St. Ange and Clara had very little of the air of princes of the blood; and as for the excellent Potier, from his dress and look, we should rather have imagined that he was playing the part of *Dr. Bartholo*. He acted admirably of course (and when does he otherwise?)—but it is too unsuitable a character, and too poor a composition to give us any desire of repetition. "M. Pique-Assiette" followed,—a sort of French "Raising the Wind," though the worthy hero seems inferior in wit and spirit to Jeremy Diddler. Here Potier was at home.

On Thursday, Scribe's lively and charming Vaudeville, "Les Premiers Amours," was repeated, to the great delight even of those who remember Jenny Colon in the part of *Emmeline*. Madlle. Florville is a good actress, and a pretty one, as we believe, for the perpetual mobility of her features (intended for a lively play of countenance,) quite dazzles the eyes, and makes the head ache to look at her. M. St. Aubin supported the part *De Rinsville* in a manner merely gentlemanly. We had formed vast anticipations

of the effect of the "Malade Imaginaire"—forgetting how very brief and meagre Potier's rôle would be, and how very seldom Molière's plays, in the acting, equal the expectations of the reader. Wit, without a particle of nature or character, will not satisfy on the stage; and a number of personages, void of the least semblance of humanity, must weary us when we have looked long at them, though their discourse be irresistibly ludicrous. M. Laporte's performance of *Argan* was truly admirable. The alternation of languid hypochondria and vigorous testiness was given in all its perfection. We have seldom seen so much effect produced by a few insignificant words, as when the old gentleman, starting from his easy chair, exclaims, "*Donnez-moi mon bâton!*" and bustles out of the room to arrange his daughter's marriage. In general, this comedy was rather feebly performed; and a more cruel murder than that perpetrated by M. Guénée, on the excellent part of *Purgon*, we have never witnessed. It was positively disgraceful. Although well content to take the goods the manager provides us, we would suggest to him, for his own interest, that it is quite time to recruit his company, we think, throughout, but at least in the female department. Where is Mars? where is Colon? and where, above all, is Léontine Fay, who will so particularly suit the English taste?

The following distinguished personages we saw among the visitors to this place of amusement during the last week:

Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Esterhazy, Lord and Lady Holland, Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Kerrison, Countess of Guilford, Lady East, Hon. Thomas Grenville, Lord Clauricarde, Hon. Mrs. Hope, Hon. Long Wellesley, Lady Pembroke, Sir P. Langham, Lord Templetown, Sir G. Datchet, Lady Stanhope, Hon. Mrs. Robinson.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Astley's Amphitheatre.—At Astley's all is business and bustle, preparatory to opening the house for the approaching Easter campaign with more than its usual display of equestrian and scenic marvels. Mr. Ducrow has determined to spare no expense this season for the pleasure and gratification of his holiday friends, who are to be treated with an entirely new piece, of which fame speaks highly. A splendid new Drop-Scene, painted by that clever artist Mr. C. F. Turner, is also highly spoken of. The subject of it, we understand, is the Pythagorean friends, Damon and Pythias: the time, when the Sicilian tyrant Dionysius is seated on his throne to witness the execution of the doomed but faithful Pythias; Damon appears in the foreground, with his arm outstretched, as if motioning to stay the execution of his friend.

Parody of Hernani.—The Porte St. Martin has also had its *Hernani*, under the title "N, i, Ni," a parody, by MM. Carmouche, de Corny, and L. Dupenty, of the tragedy, by which so much sensation has been excited at the Théâtre Français. Provost and Madlle. Zélie-Paul, are the principal performers in the piece, which is described as having no great invention, the plot following that of *Hernani*. It makes up for what it wants in originality, by an abundance of humour, smart criticisms and good hits.

—The Caledonian Theatre, in Edinburgh, has opened with a series of Operas, under the direction of Mr. Cummins; embracing, in addition to the few English pieces worthy of that name, a rich selection from the most celebrated foreign masters, selected and adapted by him to the English language and stage.

—Miss Smithson is announced to appear shortly at the Opera Comique, in "Les Deux Mots," and in *Jenny*. A character, a mute one it is supposed, has also been introduced for her in a new piece, of the music of MM. Auber, Hérold, Caraffa, and Livins. A new musical

piece by M. Halévy, the author of the *Dilettante* di Avignon, is also looked for.

—The forthcoming Easter-piece at Covent Garden, is said to be remarkably splendid. It is founded on a well-known legend of Venice, when the Inquisition was made subservient to the despotism of the government. It is from the pen of Mr. Pocock—the music by Barnett. Rossini's Opera of the "Cenerentola," is in active preparation. Miss Paton, whose engagement does not terminate before the 14th of May, will sustain the principal character. Miss Fanny Kemble will leave the London boards about the same time, though, it is expected, but for a week or two, to astonish the provinces.

—The Easter-piece at Drury Lane is written by Mr. Planché, from some Chinese or Tartar subject. The affairs of this theatre appear anything but flourishing. Mr. Price has, we believe, resigned, and the Committee will manage for the rest of the season.

NOTIONS OF THE CHINESE.

SOME idea may be formed of the manners of that curious people—the Chinese, in the absence of other authority, from the moral maxims they occasionally string together: a sample has just presented itself to our notice from an Oriental source. We shall quote a few by way of illustration. Their veneration for *Letters* is obvious from the following:—

Pay great respect to papers on which there is writing. Knowledge, riches, and honours, all depend on letters, and therefore letters should always be respected. If you see printed or written papers lying in the mire or filthy places, pick them up and burn them. (!)

The next shows also a regard for letters; but it seems they have not the facilities of a General Post-office—at least there can be no prohibitory law against transmitting letters by private hands:—

Be willing to assist people in sending letters home to their friends.

There seem to be in China, as well as in this country, certain publishers who consult but little the morals of the people:—

Don't keep in your possession licentious novels.

The next injunction is essential: it proves, if proof were wanting, that the Chinese are true lovers of literature:—

When at leisure, never be without a good book in your hands. There is always something gained by opening a good book.

But if such a multitude of books are forced upon their attention as upon ours, they surely have some indicator (a Chinese *Athenæum*, for instance,) to point out what books are really good.

The following addresses itself to the retailers of scandal:—

Conceal people's vices, and publish their virtues.

The fashionable world come in for their share:—

Don't have late evening parties; the practice introduces all sorts of vice among the servants. Invite your friends in the forenoon, and let them go away when it is dark.

Make your servants speak in a low voice and mild manner to visitors. When a gentleman passes let them stand up, or stand still, and yield the path. Although this may appear a trifle, it indicates kindness and liberality in the master, as well as good behaviour in the servants.

We should have thought the *go-betweens* a very useful class,—and no doubt they are to sighing bachelors, and maids who wish for husbands;—but prudent parents are cautioned how they admit them:—

Never suffer nuns, or old wives, as *go-betweens*, to come into your house.

We have heard some rumours as to the formation of a joint-stock *Go-between* Company, in order to lighten the business in that way carried on by certain newspapers; but this timely caution will, we hope, induce the parties to relinquish it,—however promising it appeared at

first—since they would only be inducing a nuisance in place of the mode already existing. After all, that which is considered *marketable* by the owners, may fairly be offered for a bidding.

BONAPARTE AND MADAME DE STAËL.

I remember to this day (says M. Bourrienne) a curious communication made to me by Lauriston, on a visit he paid me after his arrival from Aix-la-Chapelle, where he had left the Emperor and Empress. Now, of all the aides-de-camp of Napoleon, Lauriston was the most literary; and with him Napoleon was most wont to converse of the books in which he took any interest. "Being in attendance on the Emperor," said Lauriston, "when he occupied with the Empress the Château of Lacken, he called me to him one evening after she had retired to her apartment. He began to discourse with me among other things, of a romance of Madame de Staël's which he had just been reading, and which I had not yet seen, so that I was a good deal embarrassed to know how to reply to him. Above all, he made some strange remarks on Madame de Staël and her *Delphine*. 'I can no more bear masculine women,' he said, 'than effeminate men. In this world everybody should play the part assigned him. What do all these wanderings of the imagination signify? What do they lead to? Absolutely nothing. They are the metaphysics of sentiment, a disease of the mind. I cannot bear that woman; among other reasons, because I hate all women who set their caps at me, and God knows how she has played off her arts on me.'"

I gave the more credit to what Lauriston said from my recollection of the terms in which Bonaparte had often spoken to me of Madame de Staël, and from my having myself witnessed her advances towards the First Consul, and even towards the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy. Bonaparte at first only knew Madame de Staël as the daughter of Necker, a man whom he held in very little estimation; and on her side, Madame de Staël only knew Bonaparte from what fame reported of the youthful conqueror of Italy. She did not the less scruple to address letters to him full of enthusiasm. Several fragments of these Bonaparte read to me aloud, and then laughing said, "Can you imagine, Bourrienne, anything equal to this extravagance? The woman is mad!" I well remember, that in one of these letters, Madame de Staël said to Napoleon, among other nonsense of the same description, that he and she had been created for one another; that it was through the false system of human institutions that the quiet and gentle Josephine shared his fortune; that nature seemed to have destined a soul of fire such as hers for the adoration of a hero like him. These absurdities disgusted Bonaparte to a degree which I cannot describe. When he had finished reading these high-flown epistles, he either cast them in the fire, or crumpled up and tore them with evident displeasure. "Well, indeed! a mere blue-stocking, a manufacturer of sentiment, to compare herself to Josephine! Bourrienne, I shall not answer such letters."

I had an opportunity of observing what the pertinacity of a blue-stocking will accomplish. Notwithstanding the prejudices of Bonaparte against Madame de Staël, prejudices which he never got over, she succeeded in procuring to be admitted in his presence; and if anything could have disgusted him with flattery, it would have been the admiration, or more properly speaking the species of adoration, which she lavished on him; for she compared him to a divinity come down on the earth. It was unfortunate, however, for Madame de Staël, that, to satisfy her it would have been necessary that this God should have

been Plutus, for under her adulations lay a demand of two millions francs, which M. Necker considered due to him on account of his good and faithful services. To this claim, however, Bonaparte replied, that highly as he might value the favour of Madame de Staël, he could not reconcile it to himself to purchase it so dearly with the funds of the country. It is well known, how complete was the change from enthusiasm to hatred in Madame de Staël, and by how many petty annoyances, wholly unworthy of himself, the Emperor pursued her even to the retirement at Coppet. For the rest, I confine myself to what I know for certain of what passed between Bonaparte and Madame de Staël. To this I have nothing to add, as I had no other means of tracing the consequences of their enmity, than such as public rumour has put all the world in possession of.—*Bourrienne*.

The Game of Life.—A work of fiction, with the above comprehensive title, we understand is now in the press. Many of the *toars* which turn up in life, are vulgarly set down to hazard; but we are certain that to come off winners in the *game* of life, it requires skill as well as what is called *luck*. From our knowledge of the skill of the reputed author, we are sure he has adopted some other game than that of Hazard, to illustrate the adventures of his hero. We look anxiously for its appearance, and promise the reader an *early* notice, since it has so taking a title.

Chinese Literature.—A work has recently been published at Peking, in praise of the reigning dynasty. A distorted representation of the rebellion of Chankihur, by an anachronism of twenty years blended with that of 1813, form the ground-work of the story. And the General Yan-gu-chun is the hero of the tale. Heaven's Son, the Emperor of the Tsing dynasty, is exhibited as a perfect sage, loving the people as his own infant children; by his virtues, inducing peace and plenty, and causing tributary offerings from foreign nations. The black-haired people, on the other hand, are said to love dearly their Sovereign for his regard to the aged, to the faithful, the dutiful, and the chaste. "Our Sovereign" (the author exclaims) "is a benevolent and virtuous prince! his dragon heart is possessed of tenderness, goodness, and true virtue! Not only is the Prince intelligent and wise; but his Ministers also are good men; and both the one and the other obey the stars of heaven. To sum up all—His present Majesty exceeds in every perfection Yao, the Holy Monarch of high Antiquity."

After all this praise of the reigning Emperor, and high compliments to all preceding ones of the same family, the writer admits that there are bad men in the world, and in the government; and then makes a tale of two brothers at Ele, in Tartary, of exemplary goodness, great learning and affluence. In a season of famine they distributed food to thousands; were accused of attempting to "buy the people's hearts," and of meditating rebellion; and on this false accusation they were cast into prison. This produced an insurrection, which required a large military force under Yan-gu-chun to suppress—which he did in grand style. The two brothers are saved from death; and invested with rank and office.

Curious Discovery—Cause and Remedy for Tooth-ache.—Mr. La Beaume, the medical electrician, has made a very curious discovery, that the accumulation on the teeth termed tartar, is occasioned by animalcules, which are visible on microscopic examination. According to this gentleman, they gradually burrow between the teeth and gums, penetrate the enamel, and enter the interior of the teeth, thereby producing the destruction termed *caries*, and also *tooth-ache*. Mr. La Beaume, after numerous experi-

ments, ascertained that the true malic acid (the purified acid of the crab-apple), not only immediately destroyed them, but dissolved the mucous collection which protected them. He therefore recommends the teeth to be brushed every morning, and also the tongue, which, when loaded with foul slime, is covered with similar animalcules, with a lotion composed of malic acid and rose-water, and afterwards with the prepared areca-nut charcoal. This mode of managing the teeth is exceedingly beneficial, as it not only removes the collection, and when used only once a week, prevents its re-accumulation, but cleanses the tongue and produces a relish for food. Its good effects on the tongue and palate, proceed, in fact, from sympathy, or from a continuous influence transmitted to the stomach. The irritation produced by the animalcules, and the offensive effluvia from them, or their surrounding slime, probably of a fecal nature, are extended to the salivary glands, the consequence of which is, that their secretion is unhealthy, and no doubt a very common cause of indigestion. Hippocrates, who in all diseases paid particular attention to the state of the stomach, was of a similar opinion, that a perfect or good digestion, depends as much on the healthy state of the teeth, as on the sound condition of the digestive organs.

Brandy versus Beer.—During a botanical excursion in the neighbourhood of Lyons, M. Recluz met, in a tavern, a man who was intoxicated from drinking beer, and requested the hostess to give him something to effect his recovery. The latter told M. Recluz that she had nothing but some orange-flower water, of which she put two or three spoonfuls into his mouth. Two minutes afterwards, the drunkenness continuing, M. Recluz himself administered to him some more of this liquor, when he discovered that the bottle, which was labelled orange-flower water, contained only brandy. To repair this mistake, he sent for an emetic, but in the interval the intoxication went off, and the man said he seemed to have awakened from a long and painful dream. M. Recluz has let no opportunity pass of trying the efficacy of this curious remedy, and always with success. M. Taillet, a physician of Agle, in the course of his practice, has also verified it, and as the subject is not mentioned in any work on medicine, it has been inserted in the *Annales des Sciences d'Observation*.—*Quart. Journ. of Science*.

Dick's Patent Suspension Railway.—There are at present exhibiting in Edinburgh three large models, accompanied with drawings, of railways and their carriages. These railways are of a different nature from those hitherto in use, inasmuch as they are not laid along the surface of the ground, but elevated to such a height as, when necessary, to pass over the tops of houses and trees. The principal supports are of stone, and being placed at considerable distances, have cast-iron pillars between them. The carriages are to be dragged along with a velocity hitherto unparalleled, by means of a rope drawn by steam-engines, or other powers, placed at intervals along the railway. From the construction of the railways and carriages, the friction is very small.

Edin. Lit. Gaz.
—Mr. Pettigrew's first *Conversazione* for the season, took place on Wednesday evening, at his house in Saville-street. There were present, as usual, a great number of gentlemen distinguished for rank, and in literature, science and art.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Friday, March 19.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficients in classical learning among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Wednesday adjudged to Christopher Wordsworth and Thomas Henry Steele, of Trinity College. The Rev. John Brown, M.A. one of the Seniors of Trinity College, was on Monday last elected Vice-Master of that society, in the room of the late Rev. J. H. Renouard, M.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lloyd's Northern Field Sports, 2 vols. 8vo. bds. 14. 12s.
—Temple's Travels in Peru, 2 vols. 8vo. bds. 14. 12s.
—MacDiarmid's Sketches from Nature, 12mo. bds. 7s. 6d.
—Heunen's Medical Topography of the Mediterranean, 8vo. bds. 20s.
—Prideaux's Directions for Churchwardens, new edition, by Tyrrell, 5s. 6d.
—Webster's Plays, 8vo. bds.—The Stolen Boy, an Italian Tale.—Irving's Sermons preached in the Temple, 8vo. bds.—Abercrombie on the Stomach, new edition, 8vo. bds. 12s.
—Addison on Females, 8vo. bds. 5s.—Bland's Problems, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Affairs of the Nation, 12mo. bds. 7s.—Ballinall's Military Surgery, 8vo. 8s.—Curwell, 12mo. bds.—Coventry's Reversions of the Church, 8vo. 6s.—Dobell's Kamshatka, 2 vols. 12mo. bds. 14. 1s.—Essays on the Life of Cowper, 12mo. 10s.—Gertrude, 2 vols. 12mo. bds. 14. 1s.—Hind's Three Temples, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Hurd's Groom's Oracle, 12mo. 2nd edition, 7s. Travels on the Veneral, 12mo.—Letter to a Young Pianoforte Player, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Merlet's Synopsis of the French Grammar, 2s. 6d.—Merlet's French Grammar, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Neal's Sermons, 8vo. bds. 8s. 6d.

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of the Week.	Thermom. W. Mon. A.M. P.M.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 11	53 53	29.38	S.W. to W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 12	49 49	29.87	W.	Drizzle.
Sat. 13	46 42	30.10	W.	Drizzle.
Sun. 14	46 40	30.05	W.	Drizzle.
Mon. 15	46 37	29.29	S.W. to W.	Rain.
Tues. 16	45 36	29.30	S.W.	Showers & Rain, A.M.
Wed. 17	50 48	29.55	Drizzle.	Rain, A.M.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 5 P.M.

Clouds.—Cirrostratus and Cumulus on Thursday and Friday. Cirrostratus on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Cirrostratus and Nimbus on Tuesday. Cirrostratus and Cumulus on Wednesday.

Mean temperature, 44.5°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.98°. Highest temp. at noon, 58°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon farthest from the Earth on Thursday, at 3h. P.M.

Mercury farthest from the Sun on Monday.

Saturn's geocentric long. on Wed. 11° 55' in Leo.

Jupiter's ditto ditto 14° 12' in Capricorn.

Sun's ditto ditto 26° 25' in Pisces.

Length of day on Wed. 11h. 54m; increased 4h. 10m.

Sun's horary motion 2° 29'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99794.

Erratum.—In our last number, p. 158, middle of the third column,—the line, in which the letters were misplaced, should have stood thus:—"as well as private persons, who shall receive".

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just published, No. 42, Vol. II, of

THE EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE. A Weekly Journal, exclusively dedicated to LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE, and the ARTS.

It had long been regarded with surprise, that while London boasted of a variety of hebdomadals, exclusively literary, there was not one work extant from which any comprehensive notion could be gleaned of the state of the press north of the Tweed. Not one-half of the works published in Scotland, especially at the provincial presses, have ever received a critical notice at all; and many which would have been read and relished, had they been pointed out, have been silently allowed to drop into oblivion and neglect.

The EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE was, therefore, commenced nearly twelve months ago; and its daily extending popularity and influence are proofs that its Projectors judged aright. The establishment of collateral sources of information throughout the kingdom has now been effected; and the results will, week after week, more perceptibly unfold themselves in the pages of Volume Second.

Its features are chiefly—Early Notices of New Books published in London and Edinburgh; as well as on the Continent; Original Essays on Literary and Scientific matters; Biographies of Eminent Individuals; Original Poetry; Sketches of Life and Manners; Original Tales; Notices in Natural History, Science, Fine Arts, Music, and Drama;—with an Abstract of the Literary Sayings and Doings of the day, and copious varieties.

Each department is under the superintendence of gentlemen eminent in their several walks, with the assistance and co-operation of a long list of distinguished names. A sufficient guarantee for its general excellence will be found in the fact, that it can boast, as its regular Contributors, the Author of "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater;" Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine, author of "Mansie Waugh;" Dr. Macnish, author of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness;" The Modern Pythagorean, of Blackwood's Magazine; Thomas Pringle, Esq. author of "Epigrammes;" John Malcolm, Esq. author of "Scenes of War;" Thomas Hood, Esq. author of "Whims and Oddities;" the Rev. J. P. Lawson, author of "The Life of Archbishop Laud;" with many other celebrated names.

The Proprietor begs particularly to press upon the attention of the Advertising Public, the value of this Journal as a vehicle for Advertisements.

The EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE is printed on a sheet equal in size to the largest Literary Paper in Britain, and is published every Saturday morning at No. 10, Prince's-street, Edinburgh, where Subscriptions and Advertisements are received.

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Price of each Number 6d. unstampd; or 1s. stampd, sent free by post. Yearly Subscriptions, 14. 14s. 6d.

FRENCH PLAYS.

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

On Monday, March 22, the Vaudeville, (in 1 Act,) **HAINE AUX FEMMES.**
After which, the Historical Vaudeville, (in 3 Acts,) **LA MAISON DU REMPART;**
ou, **UNE JOURNÉE DE LA FROIDE.**
Mathieu, M. POTIER.
To conclude with (first time) a Vaudeville, (in 1 Act,) called **MAITRE ANDRÉ ET POINSINET;**
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